Week ending September 4 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

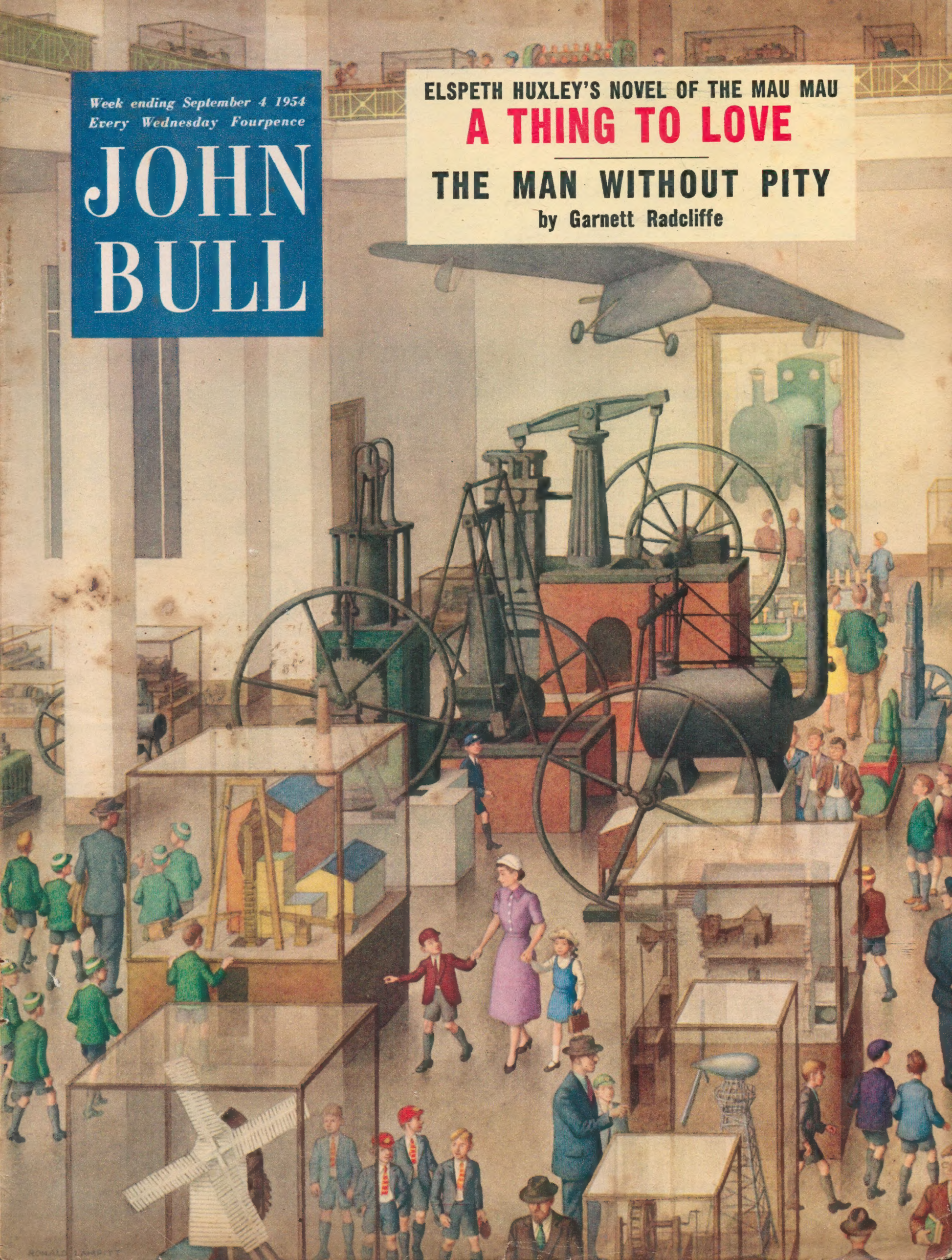
JOHN BULL

ELSPETH HUXLEY'S NOVEL OF THE MAU MAU

A THING TO LOVE

THE MAN WITHOUT PITY

by Garnett Radcliffe



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One-third Gin.
Shake or stir well with ice.
Serve with lemon peel
or cherry.

In a 'gin and it'

better drink

MARTINI

SWEET

EDITORIAL

Mrs. Kitcat's crusade

WITH horror, Mrs. Kitty Meg Kitcat looked at the once beautiful roadside verges near her cottage at Cockercombe, Somerset. What had once been a tangle of wild flowers and weeds was now a blackened, foul-smelling skeleton.

In its anxiety to keep down the weeds, Somerset County Council had used a chemical weed-killer which destroyed all life.

This was early in the year, and at once Mrs. Kitcat, a doctor's wife, took action. She wrote, spoke and campaigned against the weed-killers.

"THESE chemicals are a danger to all plant, animal, bird and insect life, to every link in the balance of nature," she said. "The appalling stench of the sprays makes many people ill. The natural fragrance and beauty of the countryside is in danger."

PROF. ZUCKERMAN
He is studying the problem

Somerset County Council took notice of her and other anti-spray crusaders. It called off all further roadside spraying for this year at least. But, elsewhere, the sprays are still at work.

Slimbridge, in Gloucestershire, had entered for a contest for the cleanest, tidiest place in the shire. But when the chemicals had blackened their lanes, the people of Slimbridge retired from the contest. They could not have won. "It's a murder of nature," said the vicar, Canon William Thomas.

NOW, thirty county councils are having to decide whether to use chemicals. The advantage is that spraying is quick—a mile in four hours, against a mile a week with a one-man cutting machine—efficient, and cheap—from £2 a mile, against £10 a mile for cutting.

Kent has already tried an experiment. A short stretch of verge was cut in the usual way, and a similar stretch was sprayed with chemicals. The results were observed—and Kent cancelled its plans for spraying.

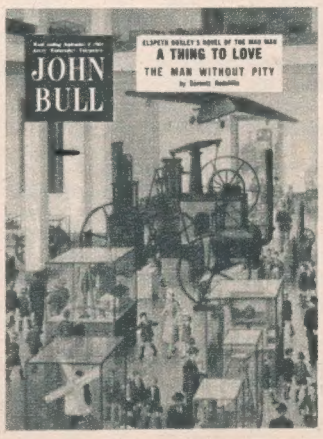
But so many other councils are going ahead with chemicals that we are threatened with a real loss of our countryside's beauty.

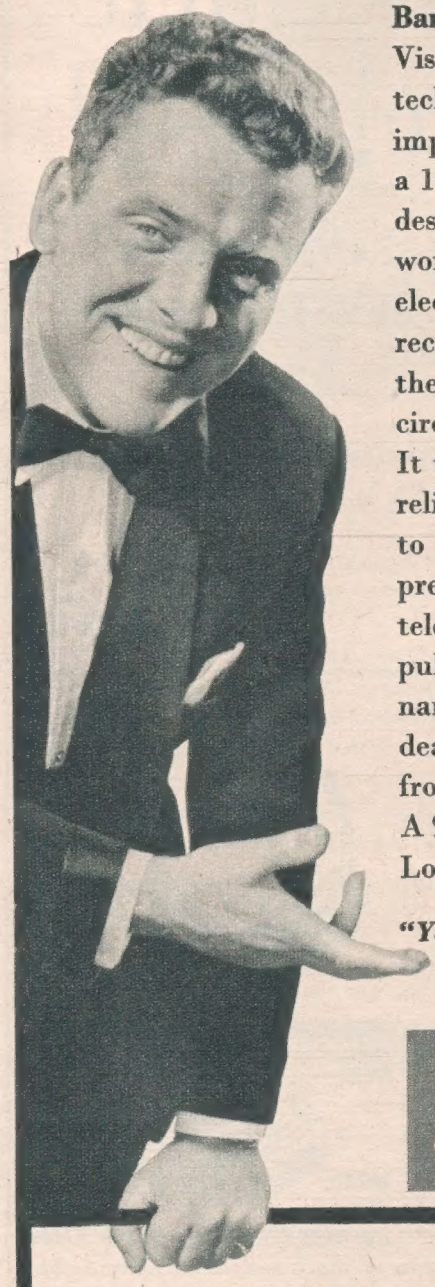
AND there is a possibility that the long-term effects of spraying may be harmful. A working party of the Ministry of Agriculture under Professor Solly Zuckerman, an eminent biologist, is now studying the problem.

Until this committee has reported, all councils should call off their spraying schemes. The clash may seem to be merely between sentiment and hard cash, but it may yet be proved that Mrs. Kitcat and her "sentimentalists" have science on their side.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

FOR months on end all is calm. Then the school holidays erupt, and London's Science Museum becomes the mecca for nearly thirty thousand children a week. Ronald Lampitt shows the motive power department. Here youngsters talk knowingly of high pressure, compound beam and central valve steam-engines, reciprocating mine pumps, windmill generators and the Pterodactyl, Britain's first tail-less aeroplane. Wise fathers say little.





We're not going to talk about Barretter control or Automatic Vision Gain control or any of our technical advances. The important thing is this: here is a 14" T.V. receiver superbly designed and made by one of the world's greatest electrical and electronic organisations. This receiver is absolutely ready for the new stations (no costly circuit modifications later). It will give you a brilliant reliable picture now and for years to come. Invest in the wonderful present and the golden future of television. A fully descriptive publication BT2561 and the name of your nearest approved dealer is obtainable on request from The General Electric Co.Ltd. A 9 Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

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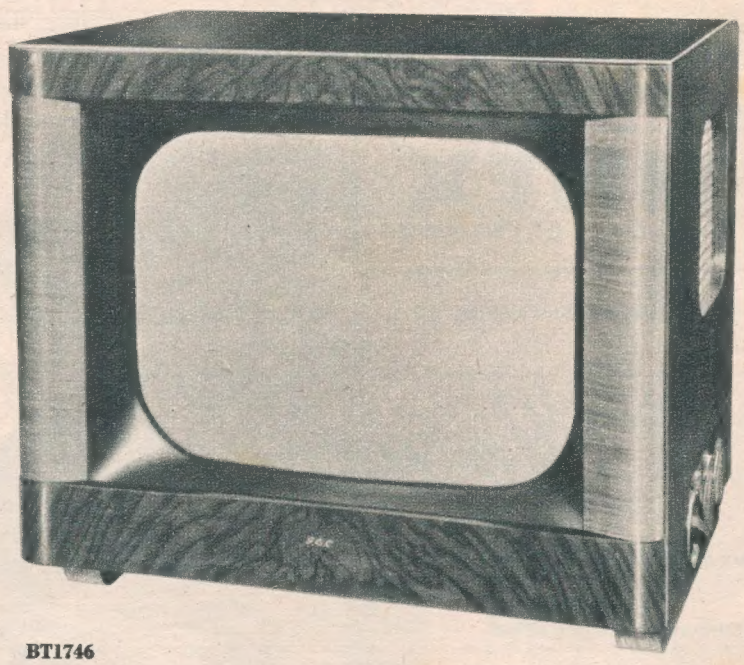

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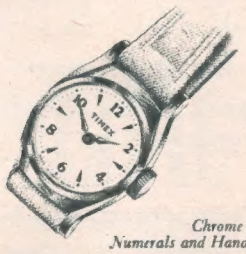

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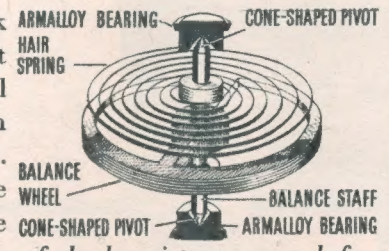

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FREE SPEECH

What reminds visitors of Britain?

FOR the last month I have been touring with an Austrian couple. Before they returned to Vienna I decided to give each a gift to remind them of their stay in Britain.

I had no difficulty in choosing a present for the man—a black umbrella. He was delighted and rather amused. He said it would always remind him of the days he spent in London, where almost every man was carrying one.

When I came to pick something for his wife, I was so uncertain that I asked a Continental friend what she thought was typically British. She said: "There is nothing, for this is a man's country. When it comes to clothes and jewellery, English women have no ideas of their own—they always copy the French."

In the end I gave the Austrian girl a teapot and cosy, a jar of marmalade, a tartan beret—and a recipe for making the mint sauce she had enjoyed so much. — MRS. JEAN WESTON, Hertfordshire.

Division Of Labour

WASHING UP could be made much easier (JOHN BULL Editorial, August 7) if manufacturers were to market a double bowl, divided to take washing and rinsing water. Most sinks are too small to hold two bowls, but this device would overcome that difficulty. Dishes could then be washed, rinsed and passed to the draining board almost in one operation.—MRS. M. A. KIRK, Broomlea Crescent, Edinburgh.

A stainless steel sink has been marketed which is divided into two sections, each with its own waste outlet. The smaller section is designed for vegetable preparation, rinsing crockery and washing glasses.

Gallant In Disguise

LAST week I saw a man leaving a florist's shop with a large bunch of flowers. He looked rather self-conscious, and as soon as he was outside the shop he tried to disguise his package by covering the blooms with the wrapping paper. I wonder why Englishmen are so shy of showing signs of gallantry in public.—ROBIN RADLEY, Nether Street, Finchley, London, N.3.

Cut Prices

I FOUND it most interesting to read a prewar holiday budget ("Free Speech," August 7), for it is often surprising to realize how little we paid for things before the war. I am a retail shopkeeper, and recently I found a 1939 price list. It included folkweave bedspreads at 6s. 11d., silk and satin bedspreads from 10s. 11d., pillowcases at 1s., knitting wools from 4d. an ounce, and corsets from 1s. 11d. a pair. It was also possible in those days to buy a 3-lb. Dundee cake in a fancy tin for 4s. 6d. —MRS. E. S., Leicestershire.

Meet The Huxleys

AFTER living in Nairobi for some time I was extremely interested to read the opening parts of Elspeth Huxley's new novel, *A Thing To Love*, and to see how well she depicts the Kikuyu character. She obviously knows Kenya intimately. Was she, like her heroine, Pat Foxley, born in the colony?—C. WOODS, Gloucestershire.

. . . Is Elspeth Huxley a relative of Julian Huxley, who used to broadcast with the Brains Trust?—MRS. T. SCOTT, Liverpool.

Mrs. Huxley's husband, Gervas, is a cousin of Dr. Julian Huxley, the biologist, and his brother Aldous Huxley, the novelist. Her parents went to Kenya in 1911; she joined them a year later, when she was five. "The land they took up," she says, "was entirely undeveloped bush. My earliest recollections are of the Kikuyu who came to work for us. To get them to come, my father put up a hurricane lamp on top of a pole. They had never seen a lantern, and came to inspect it. Then some engaged themselves as labourers." This week's instalment of "A Thing To Love" begins on page 24.

Pinning Their Hopes?

WHEN I was on holiday in Ploumanac'h, Brittany, I was amused to see an unusual custom carried out before a village wedding. The bride and bridegroom, in wedding dress, walked down the beach to a statue of a saint and began to stick pins in its

nose. This was performed with as much solemnity as the marriage ceremony. I was told it was an ancient tradition that is supposed to bring good luck in married life.—N. GRANVILLE-SMITH, Highland Mansions, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

The statue, carved in wood, is of Saint Guirec, and the custom of sticking pins into its nose is usually followed by young girls desirous of finding husbands, says the French Government Tourist Office. A similar custom is known at Loango, French Equatorial Africa, where natives sometimes stick needles into wooden idols to attract attention to a particular request. The photograph shows the oratory at Ploumanac'h where the statue of Saint Guirec is now kept.

Trial Period

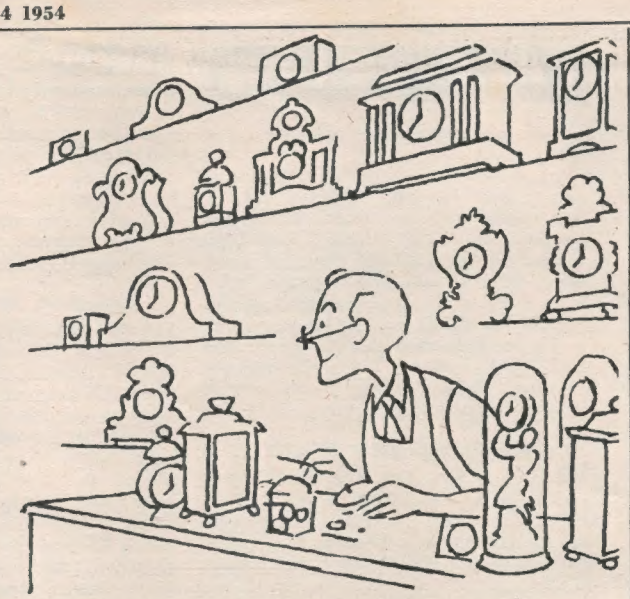
I REMEMBER reading in one of the first "Consider Your Verdict" problems (JOHN BULL, December 12, 1953) of a man who was granted a divorce after nearly forty years of marriage. A brother who is living in Belgium tells me that once a couple there has been married for twenty-five years it is impossible for either partner to seek a divorce. — MRS. R. H., London, S.W.7.

This week's "Consider Your Verdict" is on page 32.

All Aboard

ON holiday I had a similar experience to that of your reader who saw a man crouching in the boot of a

Continued on page 6



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54"	30/6	36/9
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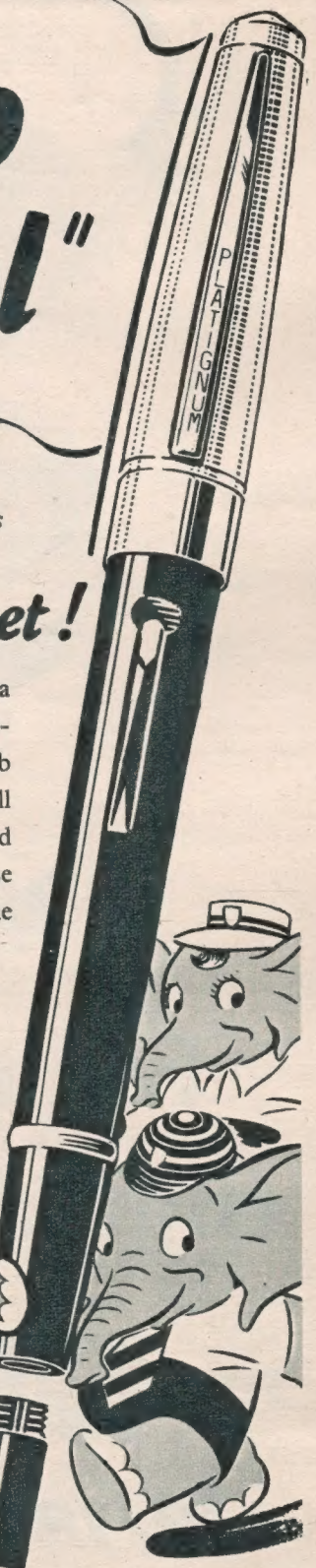

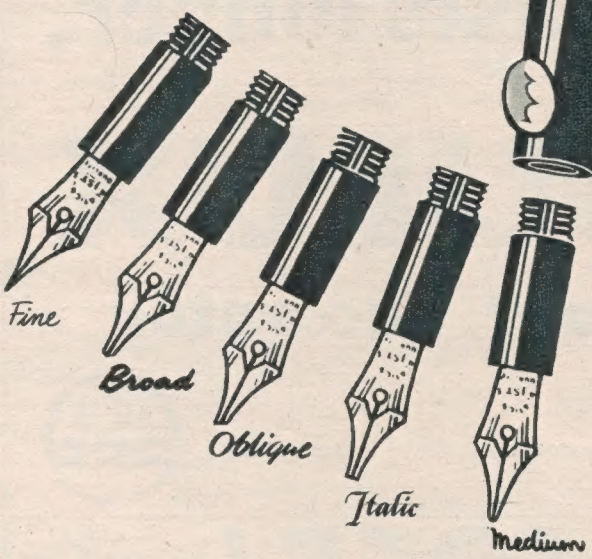

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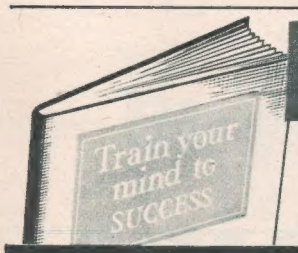

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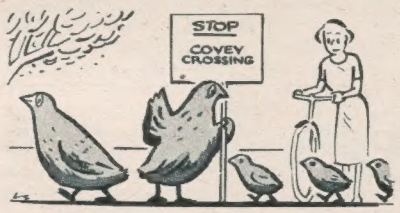
FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

car ("Free Speech," August 14). I was riding in a bus when it stopped to pick up some Scouts. The conductor let them all get on until there were fifteen standing. Some time later I heard the driver hiss, and the Scouts lay down on the floor. After a few seconds they got up again. We had just passed a policeman.—DAVID MONTGOMERY, Staverton Road, Bilborough, Nottingham.

Cock Of The Walk

WHILE cycling the other day I saw a cock partridge sitting in the middle of a main road. I dismounted, and across the road walked a hen partridge. When she reached the other



side she began to call, and thirteen partridge chicks crossed the road, one behind the other. Not until they had reached safety did the cock bird join them.—MRS. V. S. PENNELL, Whittlesford Road, Newton, Cambridgeshire.

Farmer's Millstone

I SPENT my holiday on a small farm in Cornwall. I was talking to the farmer one evening about rates and taxes when he casually mentioned tithes. I was surprised to learn that such things still existed, and was startled to hear that he has to pay £35 in tithe each year towards the upkeep of the Church. — A. H. WINDSOR, Barnfield Avenue, Allesley, Coventry.

Tithe is no longer paid to the Church. Under the Tithe Act of 1936, an issue of government stock was made as compensation. Land formerly subject to tithe rent charges became subject instead to charges payable to the Tithe Redemption Commission. In 1936 it was estimated that a quarter of tithe owners were laymen.

Spilt Milk

MILK is usually delivered by an elderly man driving a one-horse trap in the remote village of the Argentine where I live. The other day I saw a strange young man leaving my gate carrying a milk can. When I asked him what he had done with the milk he said he had left it in the bowl on the step—and he pointed to my dog's bowl. After I had explained, he gave me some more milk, but I was amazed to see him empty the milk from the dog's bowl back into his can. I wondered what people at home would think—but is this really so much worse than leaving unwrapped bread on the shoe scraper outside the front door?—MRS. M. E. CHRISTIAN, El Pueblito, Sierras de Cordoba, Argentina.

Hush, It's Costly

ONE of my research engineers has recently returned from the United States, and tells me that the Americans are becoming daily more conscious of the adverse effects of noise on production (JOHN BULL Editorial, July 31). At one electrical factory he visited, he was told that a rise of one decibel in the noise level cost 100,000 dollars (about £35,000) a year in lost production and compensation. In 1952, more than 272,000 dollars was paid out in New York as compensation to people whose hearing had been impaired at work.

Attempts to counteract noise are also being made by British firms. One bank recently had all its branches redesigned with the aid of a sound-level meter to ensure that noise does not affect the work of their clerks.—F. J. MARTIN, Dawe Instruments, Uxbridge Road, Ealing, London, W.5.

Loaded With Trouble

IT was certainly amusing to read of the young men who loaded the gamekeeper's gun with a firework ("Free Speech," August 7), but I think the dangers of tampering with firearms should be stressed. I once knew a man on a Kentish farm who replaced the lead shot of a cartridge with ball-bearings, because he believed these would be more effective. When he fired the gun the barrel was shattered, and the man lost his arm. —H. REID, Coningsby Court, Arnfield Crescent, Mitcham, Surrey.

Mixed Bag

A FRIEND was out shooting early this year when his dog suddenly "pointed" at the side of a lake. Thinking the dog had scented a pheasant, my friend ordered him in. The dog dived swiftly into the water and emerged with a pike between its jaws. — GEORGE MOWBRAY, Fletton Avenue, Peterborough, Northants.

Who Says So?

THE story about the famous surgeon, Sir William Macewen ("Free Speech," July 24), is hardly credible. It is impossible to believe that a man of his standing would deliberately dislocate another man's jaw because he was swearing before women. There are scores of yarns like this about celebrities, but I never credit a fraction of them. They are rumours that travel round until they become accepted as fact. — E. B. CHILDS, Gleneldon Road, Streatham, London, S.W.16.

Dr. Harley Williams, who is the author of a short biography of Sir William Macewen, says: "Sir William was an extraordinary man and there are many stories told of him which would seem incredible if told of a lesser person. He was autocratic and high handed, and he took orders from no one. During the first World War he held a high rank in the navy. When he was summoned by Lord Jellicoe to perform an urgent operation in London, he replied by telegram: 'We are in Glasgow if you want to consult us.'"

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

HARRY HOPKINS visits THE LAKE DISTRICT

Ashness Bridge and Derwentwater

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

SMOOTH *co-operation between horse and rider is the secret of success in show-jumping, says Mr. Wilfrid White, famous Olympic rider.*

SMOOTH

IS THE WORD FOR CRAVEN 'A', TOO

Smooth to the throat. The fine tobacco of Craven 'A', the clean, fresh cork tip, give you smoking that's smoother to your throat than any you've ever known. **Smooth to the taste.** The cork tip of a Craven 'A' keeps it cool and easy-drawing, rich and smooth, to the very end. **Smooth to the lips.** Notice the firm feel of the cork tip. It never sticks to your lips but keeps the end of the cigarette firm and dry.

Every Craven 'A' smoker enjoys fine cigarettes made smoother by cork

CRAVEN 'A' SMOOTH TO THE THROAT—THE LIPS—THE TASTE

Mum! where's the Germolene?

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Read how the mother of a boy like this learned by experience. She writes :

"*. . . My little boy fell and cut his knee and for weeks I tried to heal it and spent shillings on different ointments until I tried yours* (*Germolene*). *After a week my son's leg was healed . . .*"

(*Signed*) *Mrs. D.T., Cheshire.*

It is known that skin heals more quickly when protected from germs, dirt and water. Germolene contains no water. Its pure medicinal oils sink through the pores and greatly hasten healing. Keep a tin handy.

1/8 and **3/10** everywhere.

The healing ointment—

STIMULATES NATURAL HEALING PROCESSES

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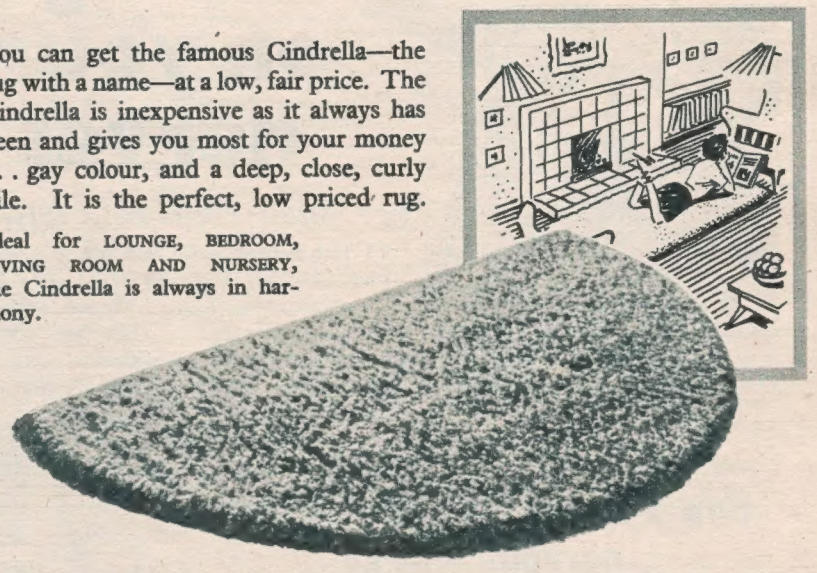
Ideal for LOUNGE, BEDROOM, LIVING ROOM AND NURSERY, the Cindrella is always in harmony.



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Standing about after a strenuous game can so easily give you a cold—with sneezing and running eyes—or a feverish chill with muscular aches and pains. But you'll find that a Beecham's Powder, thanks to its unique formula, will soon have the worst symptoms under control. The fact that Beecham's Powders are in fine powder form makes them easy to assimilate and very speedy in action. Get a supply now. Keep them handy!

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TEX, The Texas Ranger (Tommie, to you), sure likes his swell new Hi-Hat cut from a Puffed Wheat packet!★ These days there are no more "bad boy" breakfasts. No more "Oh, Mum, I'm *fed up* with this kind of cereal!" Mum blesses the day she gave up their usual cereal and changed to the new *crisper, tastier* Puffed Wheat. All the family loves Puffed Wheat — it's "Shot From Guns" to give you that super-roasted nutty flavour. Thousands of families are changing to Puffed Wheat — why don't you?

Puffed WHEAT

★ *Mother! There are many exciting Hi-Hats now on all Puffed Wheat packets for your children.*

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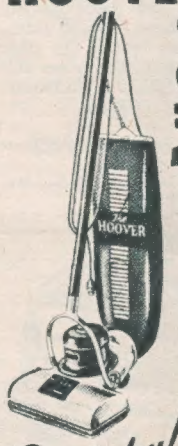

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BRANCHES IN MOST PRINCIPAL TOWNS

INTO ENGLAND'S DEEP SOUTH

by HARRY HOPKINS

The golden face of Bournemouth—the few acres of heather that blossomed into an English Miami with land at more than £100,000 an acre

From Bournemouth, the town that can't help making money, to the Hardy country's sleepy calm, Harry Hopkins continues his Journey Into Britain

DISCREET OPULENCE was borne upon the air. The hotels rose about me, rank on rank, the "Towers" and the "Heights" and the "Courts," Edwardian Italianate and modernistic ferro-concrete, vast sober Victorian villas each set in its own grounds, and Hollywoodesque structures with green-tiled roofs and great pink-washed walls.

There was something faintly fabulous about this place. It had a touch, this Bournemouth, subdued and anglicized, of a Miami. And, after all, the stories of the two places were very similar. Both were mirages, conjured up in a desert, and somehow made permanent. In both, wealth built its own world. The American rich planted palm trees; the English rich planted pines.

I was walking down, alongside the central gardens, towards the sea, when a plaque on the wall of the Royal Exeter Hotel caught my eye. It ran: TO THE MEMORY OF LEWIS D. TREGONWELL WHO ERECTED THE FIRST HOUSE ON THIS SITE IN 1810.

The first house, not just "on this site," but the first house in Bournemouth. Even forty years later the population was still only 695 and the barber came twice a week from Christchurch. Bournemouth was, a hundred years ago, still just a small cluster of houses, a speck on the great wasteland that begins in the New Forest and sweeps westwards to the threshold of Dorchester.

It had, indeed, been no more than an accident of duty that had first brought Lewis Tregonwell, the Father of Bournemouth, to this lonely spot. An officer in the Dorset Yeomanry, he was detailed to patrol this stretch of coast with his company during the Napoleonic invasion scare. But his fancy was captured by the heathery little valley where the Bourne trickled down through the cliffs to the sea. In the end, he bought a plot of land from the Lord of the Manor, put up a villa there, and invited his friends down.

The Lord of the Manor, and one or two others, took the hint. Other villas went up—and, in 1838, the Royal Bath Hotel. "Select" was the word.

Presently, it got around that the mild climate and sandy soil, draining instantly after rain, were good for pulmonary sufferers. Sir James Clarke, Queen Victoria's physician—who was also eloquent

Tolpuddle remembers the farm workers deported in 1834 for joining a union. George Shute (left) is a local union leader. Mr. Pucket's grandmother knew the martyrs, and Charlie Boyt is a union veteran

With their delicate horns, mild faces, and white fleece, Dorset Horn scene. But they are aristocrats, and demand a life of luxury. To John natural. The modern farmer finds it too much trouble, and today there

upon the subject of China tea—threw in a few well-chosen words about the health-giving properties of the pine-woods ("Britain's best doctors"). The procession of bath chairs began. As elephants plunge into the depths of the forest to die, the elderly rich of Britain were drawn, by an instinct apparently equally deep, to Bournemouth. They brought their money with them.

One doesn't have to pore over census statistics to see that Bournemouth still has more than its share of the elderly; that more than half its population attains the age of seventy-five and over. Old gentlemen, dry as old stalks, with long black coats and neat grey beards, pause uncertainly on kerbs. North country mill-owners, still not wholly subdued by the Bournemouth air, bluffly confront one another in cafés. Lean, red-faced ex-sahibs stroll briskly through the gardens, gazing keenly into the distance, bowed no longer by the White Man's Burden. Well-preserved white-haired women, enthroned in hotel lounges, discuss, with long pauses, the number of times chicken has been served in the hotel restaurant for dinner.

Price Equals £100,000 An Acre

But the essential story of Bournemouth is the Real Estate Story. For his eight acres, two roods three perches of Bournemouth heath, Lewis Tregonwell in 1810 paid £179 11s. Then, discreetly, quietly, development began. Drives were laid down over the cliffs. Pines and rhododendrons were planted in their thousands. Gardens bloomed in the desert. Trios played to tinkling tea-cups.

In 1886 a small piece of Tregonwell's original plot was sold. It realized a price equal to £100,000 an acre. Since then Bournemouth's land values—and population—have multiplied several times.

Discreetly, quietly, fortunes were made. In place of some miles of worthless heath, Sir George Llewelyn Tapps-Gervis-Meyrick, Lord of the Manor of Christchurch and Liberty of Westover—grandson of the one who sold the first plot to Tregonwell—is the fortunate ground landlord of a large sector of East Bournemouth, with cliff drives and scores of opulent hotels. From the west side, revenue accrues very satisfactorily to the Misses Cooper-Dean. The Earl of Malmesbury and the Earl of Leven and Melville also enjoy serviceable slices of this golden desert.

And still the wondrous alchemy goes on: wealth breeding wealth. Has there been anything like it since the Red Indians sold Manhattan Island to the white men for $25? In 1881, Bournemouth's population was 17,000; in 1890, 37,000; in 1901, 59,000; in 1911, 78,000; in 1921, 91,770.

Without industry, without hinterland, with no visible means of support, the town is today around the 150,000 mark—and still growing steadily at the rate of 1,500 a year.

But now there is a new note in Bournemouth's gentle paean of triumph. With its magnetic attraction for money, the place has, somehow, incredibly, assimilated the Welfare State. No winkle stalls; no iced lollies; no candy floss; no fairground, even. Bournemouth is still a monument of discretion.

Yet now, the latest growth, the "new money" comes no longer from wealthy valetudinarians, but from the great middle-class crowds who swarm into the resort each summer from as far afield as Lancashire.

The Old Bournemouthians came for the Bournemouth cachet and the climate. The New Bournemouthians like the cachet, too, but what they come for is something different. According to Wilfred Birtwistle, Bournemouth's publicity director, they come for the sea. Southport, says Birtwistle (a Lancashire man), though a similar resort in many ways to Bournemouth, built on the wealth of Liverpool and Manchester, has stood still in population. Why? Because there, said Birtwistle, the sea is in retreat. Bournemouth, on the contrary, flourishes on its four-tides-a-day coast where the sea is visibly on the job right round the clock.

Odd that after all these years Bournemouth should, very discreetly, of course, have discovered its sea!

Though Bournemouth is undoubtedly *in* England, it can hardly be said to be *of* England. It was geography, not any sense of fitness, that made it my starting point.

Exotic And Opulent Pine Trees

I drove westwards along one of those straight, wide, interminable avenues, hedged by neatly trimmed rhododendrons, lined by dark pines—and how exotic and even opulent a pine tree becomes in Bournemouth—until, as the endless procession of vast villas moved by, the road turned and began to wind down through a cleft in the cliffs, to find the sea again where the mirage of Bournemouth gingerly joins hands with the venerable grey port of Poole.

The rice-grass, fringing the edges of the harbour, rippled in the light breeze. White clouds, scudding overhead, were reflected in that great circular mirror, ten thousand watery acres, fretted with innumerable creeks and inlets. Beyond, on the other side, rose the blue line of the Purbeck Hills and, in the middle distance, the trees of Brownsea Island, where in 1907 Baden-Powell held his first experimental Boy Scout camp.

The men of Poole—where the mayor on occasion still signs himself "Mayor and Admiral"—will tell you that theirs is the finest natural harbour in the world — well, maybe after Sydney's. Two long tongues of land stick out across its mouth, so that the entrance is quite narrow. And here, saving westbound travellers

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

sheep add the perfect finishing touch to the rustic Dorset Parker, who has been a shepherd all his life, this is only are only a few thousand sheep left in the whole of the county

From the town hall front to lamp-posts in the streets, Swanage is dotted with relics of John Mowlem and George Burt. The Great Globe, a forty-ton mass of stone—with slabs for visitors to scribble on—was erected by Burt

the long trip around the harbour's circumference, is the Sandbanks—Studland ferry.

"Every twenty minutes," said the man in the little ticket-hut. I drove down the concrete slope and up the wet ramp on to the "floating bridge." The gates closed behind me. The ramp creaked up. The "captain," in a blue jersey, switched the brass engine-room telegraph over to "Full Speed," and then went across to the forward mast to hoist the black international "Anchor's Raised" signal.

Rust-brown chain, coming up out of the water, began to clank through the ferry's innards. The sea broke, a white frill, over the jutting forward ramp. In a couple of minutes, Bournemouth and All That had fallen a thousand miles away behind. Ahead lay the mysterious Isle of Purbeck, that strange "island" that is an island, if not in geography, at least in the spirit; ahead lay the thousand villages of Dorset, the Dorset of Thomas Hardy and the Tolpuddle Martyrs and Ralph Wightman. The Dorset of Britain's "Deep South."

The overture was dramatic enough. For several miles after driving ashore from the ferry I found myself passing through a wilderness of wild and desolate beauty. Bournemouth was only six or seven miles away, yet this could have been in the Highlands of Scotland. The army, a connoisseur in these matters, had made this water-girt promontory of blue hills and dark heather a battle-training ground during the war. There was a big white-painted notice at the roadside, informing passers-by that the navy had since recovered 84,000 unexploded missiles from the ground and that, possibly, one or two more might be lying about.

And, then, quite suddenly, I was in Swanage, an old quarry town which at the end of the last century shook the stone-dust off its boots and re-emerged, dressed up as a pleasure resort. Out of season at least, the effect remained a little odd and forlorn. This little grey town seemed to belong much more to the "island" than to the world of striped umbrellas and pleasure beaches. It had a pleasantly parochial air.

The promenade, looking out across the fine bay, was bordered by lamp-posts of an old-fashioned elegance that seemed a little out of character. There was an inscription underneath the elaborate reliefs on the base. I stooped to read it. "ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE," ran the cast-iron letters. And the next lamp-post was the same. By what strange trick of fate did London lamp-posts end up lighting Swanage Bay? I asked an old man, standing near. "Oh, that was John Mowlem," he said, as if that explained everything.

It is a strange tale, a classic in the best "Local-Boy-Makes-Good" tradition. John Mowlem was a quarryman. As a young man, he took ship for London with ninepence in his pocket. But for him the streets of London did indeed turn out to be paved with gold—metaphorically at least. The contracting firm he started with another Swanage quarryman named Burt rose to fame and fortune resurfacing the capital's bumpy streets.

Sent A Set Of Lamp-posts Home

For all their new affluence, the hearts of Messrs. Burt and Mowlem still belonged to Swanage. What did London have that Swanage hadn't—save a few small deficiencies which they hastened to make good? When a set of elegant lamp-posts uprooted from London streets found its way into their yards, John Mowlem, without hesitation, shipped it down to Swanage.

When the Mercers' Hall in Cheapside, with its elaborately carved, Wren-designed stone face, was to be pulled down, George Burt bought up the front—and sent it down to Swanage, where its angels and cherubs now float over the doorway of the otherwise unremarkable town hall. A Gothic clock-tower standing near the pier came from London Bridge. Over Purbeck House veers a flying-fish weather-vane—from the roof of Billingsgate.

Not that Swanage had any need to import its history. On the promenade, next to the Mowlem Institute, stands an obelisk erected by John Mowlem to commemorate King Alfred's great naval victory over the Danes in Swanage Bay in 887. At Durlston Head, George Burt—what an energetic pair they must have been—erected a forty-ton globe of Portland stone, carved with the countries and capitals of the world.

At the top of the cliffs there's a turnstile, and you pay your money and go down the stone steps to the Great Globe, your footsteps dogged by one of the most extraordinary assortments of literary and other quotations and miscellaneous items of information ever assembled on tablets of stone. "OUR NATURE CONSISTS IN MOTION; PERFECT PEACE IS DEATH—Pascal." "Duration of the Longest Day at Hamburg. . . ." "LET PRUDENCE DIRECT YOU, TEMPERENCE CHASTEN YOU, FORTITUDE SUPPORT YOU, AND JUSTICE BE THE GUIDE OF ALL YOUR ACTIONS."

But this formidable Victorian did at least, it appears, have the humanity to realize that others, too, might experience the urge to write on walls, though possibly at a less exalted level. Near the Great Globe itself are placed two or three large flat stones—"PERSONS ANXIOUS TO WRITE THEIR NAMES WILL PLEASE DO SO ON THIS STONE." The invitation had been freely accepted.

Westwards out of Swanage, the road climbed steadily for a couple of miles. The ground dipped on either side, and then rose again in a long roll of spare green hills. And somehow one could sense, without looking at the map, that just over the left-hand ridge lay the sea. The consciousness of its nearness brought a note of strangeness and loneliness to this landscape.

Here and there in the fields along the road there were small craters. Most of them were not

Continued on page 29

Marius stood as though frozen in the doorway, staring at the body. This was the treachery he had been expecting. Auguste had made him a murderer

NIGHT OF JUSTICE

by ROBERT STANDISH

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

It seemed an open-and-shut case: a man had been killed, his murderer convicted. . . . Only Marius knew what had really happened that night

AUGUSTE BARALOTTO sat at the small bare table, chin resting on cupped hands, thinking furiously in circles. So intense were his thought processes that he could feel—or so it seemed—the rippling of his brain cells, which tingled with their aliveness. He had to know the answers to the questions which tortured him. No other thing in all his thirty-six years had ever ranked with this need in sheer vital importance, and there was so little time.

Auguste knew that if, in the few remaining hours, he did not find the answers, they would go on torturing him through all eternity.

From outside, muffled by stone walls, but quite unmistakable in their purport, came the sounds of hammering on wood and then, three times, the tremendous thud as the black-garbed man out there in the prison yard tested the drop of the guillotine blade. This was frightening enough, but nothing like so frightening as the thought that in the dawn hour, when he went out to meet the monstrous machine, he would not understand the chain of circumstances which had led him to the rendezvous.

Auguste Baralotto was guilty. He had done the thing with which he had been charged and of which a jury of his fellows had found him guilty on crystal-clear evidence. He had, in cold-blooded deliberation, killed Charles, but what was so maddening was that the evidence on which he had been convicted was as false as his own protestations of innocence. And yet, even more maddening, the witnesses had not lied; their evidence had been the simple truth as they had seen the truth.

SOMEWHERE in the ponderous machine of justice a gear had been stripped. But, despite this, and despite the inaccuracies which had led to the discovery, the truth had been found. Nobody knew better than Auguste the legal tag which said that a man could not be in two places at the same time. He had used it more than once as a means of self-defence, laughing at the law which protected him from the consequences of his guilt. Now the law had taken its final revenge, proving that the alibi was the chimera he had always known it to be.

That was the cruellest joke of all, for Auguste, in truth, had not been where the law proved that he had been when Charles had been murdered. It was Marius who should be sitting in this cell all through the agonizing night, waiting for the executioner who would come with the dawn. Marius, whose name had not once been mentioned during the trial. . . .

* * *

Marius had been eighteen years of age when, in 1940, the Italians crossed the French frontier. He joined the Resistance, and took to the hills which lie behind the French Riviera. He did not return to the lush plains until the summer of 1944, when the Allied armies liberated southern France. His achievements during those four years were not spectacular, but he found it hard to settle down again to the humdrum life of a fisherman.

Marise loved money—but she loved Marius a lot more. "It is a waste of time to address yourself to me, Monsieur Baralotto," she said

ONE summer's night in 1945, a few miles off shore from the Iles de Lérins, which shelter Cannes from the open sea, a hail came out of the darkness, followed a moment or two later by the dim silhouette of a rakish motor cruiser. Marius was alone and unarmed, while there were at least six men visible on the deck of the other craft, two of them carrying sub-machine guns at the ready.

"What can I do for you?" asked Marius, unafraid.

"Our engine has broken down and we don't want to be found inshore at dawn," said the leader of the newcomers, whose name was Auguste Baralotto, a French citizen of Italian origin. "Tow us out to sea and we will make it worth your while."

"I will tow you into port for nothing," replied Marius cheerfully, "but please ask your friends not to point their guns at me. They make me nervous."

"No, we have no business in port—just yet." When his boat had been refuelled by the strangers, Marius set a course out to sea, and when dawn came they were out of sight of land. Fifteen minutes after dawn, in answer to a radio call, another similar craft made a rendezvous. To the newcomer was transferred the cruiser's cargo of American cigarettes, to the number of several millions.

"Now that we have nothing to hide," said Auguste Baralotto, "you may tow us into port. We are a yachting party. Our engine broke down and you rescued us. If the weather were not so calm, they might give you a medal, but as soon as we are tied up in Cannes, I will give you fifty thousand francs."

MARIUS said with a laugh: "Had you left the price to me, I would have towed you in for one fifth of that sum."

"I am paying you ten thousand francs for the tow," said Auguste, "and the other forty thousand francs is for keeping your mouth shut."

"I am not a government spy," said Marius contemptuously. "I do not have to be bribed. Why should I care about a few contraband cigarettes?"

Auguste paid Marius the agreed fifty thousand francs on the Quai St. Pierre in Cannes. As Marius pocketed the money with a grin and swaggered away into the town, Auguste felt quite sure that he would not chatter.

These two met a few evenings later by accident. Auguste could use a young man with nerve, especially one trained to the sea and expert in the handling of arms. So, just like that, Marius became a cigarette smuggler. Large, fast craft brought cigarettes from Tangier, discharged them into smaller craft, mostly yachts, which distributed them along the French and Italian coasts.

Marius was delighted with his new job. It was less exciting than rolling boulders down on to enemy truck convoys, but a lot more profitable. By the end of 1946 he had saved three million francs and plenty more was rolling in. He married Marise, his childhood sweetheart, whom he had known since she was a little thing with rolling black eyes and a winning smile, playing outside her father's cottage in Théoule, a few miles west of Cannes.

Marius then invested his savings in a house, paying three million francs down, with a year's respite for the remaining two millions. It was

a splendid house, lying a little back from the sea in the village of La Napoule. The house was on three floors, each of them easily made self-contained. Marius and Marise occupied the ground floor, finding tenants for the other two.

The top floor was rented by an associate of Auguste Baralotto, a mysterious individual who called himself Charles, but who might have been any nationality except French. Since Charles paid a year's rent in advance, Marius was not disposed to ask questions. He was seldom there. He came and he went and, since he made no noise and interfered with nobody, he was an ideal tenant.

Marius and Marise went into debt in order to make each of the apartments self-contained, and then farther into debt in order to furnish them. Tenants in France can be evicted from furnished premises, but only death can evict them from unfurnished houses and apartments.

The money stayed in the family, for Marise's uncle, her mother's brother, was in a small way of business as a furniture manufacturer in Cannes. The furniture in all three apartments was identical, made from a mass-produced pattern. Aesthetically, perhaps, it was not much, but the beds were comfortable and the kitchen well equipped. The tiled floors were easy to clean. Who wants more than that?

By the end of 1947, not only was the new house free of all debt but Marius was negotiating for a building which lent itself to being divided into seven apartments, and because he had no way of accounting satisfactorily for his wealth, he was incorporating himself as a *société anonyme*, which not only limited his legal liabilities but disguised ownership in the names of sundry dummies.

The chance meeting with Auguste Baralotto began to rank in the eyes of Marius and Marise as the most fortunate encounter of their lives.

It was during the summer of 1948 that there appeared the first rift in the lute. By this time, Marius was so familiar with the big cases of cigarettes which he handled at sea that he could almost tell by handling them whether a single packet was missing. A heavy sea was running one night while the cases were being transferred to his boat. One of them proved to be so heavy that it knocked Marius overboard, and it was with the greatest difficulty, in the darkness and the smother of the sea, that he was able to climb back on board.

When he met Auguste in a Cannes bar the following morning, he announced angrily: "One of those cases didn't contain cigarettes. What was in it?"

"Ask no questions, my little Marius, and you will hear no lies," replied Auguste, smiling his tight, mirthless smile.

"The next case that's the wrong weight goes overboard," said Marius firmly, "so don't play monkey tricks with me. Our agreement covers cigarettes. You keep your part of it and I'll keep mine; but me, I don't like mysterious cases marked like cigarette cases that weigh three times as much."

"What's come over you, Marius?" said Auguste soothingly. "Heavy cases are much more profitable than light ones. For last night's work you get a hundred thousand francs more than usual. Just you leave the business side to your old friend Auguste. Let him worry about things like cases that weigh too much."

"Auguste," said Marius, pouching the extra hundred thousand francs, "I don't like mysteries. No more overweight cases. Understand?"

Auguste did not want to quarrel with Marius, for the young fisherman was not only reliable, which was valuable, but better than that, he was lucky. Better still, he was, as each of them understood the term, honest. Broken cases were delivered ashore with their contents intact. If he said he would do a thing he did it.

Instead of arguing with Marius, Auguste went to see Marise, relying upon her love of money to win her husband over.

Marise loved money, but she loved Marius better. "It is a waste of time to address yourself to me, Monsieur Baralotto," she said firmly. "If Marius does not like overweight cases, then I also do not like them. Marius is right, for only a fool will smuggle cases when he does not know what is in them."

Marise, needless to say, related the entire conversation to Marius, who became extremely angry. He did not like the implications behind this devious approach, nor the suggestion that Marise, at the instigation of another, would bring pressure upon her husband.

"This is to remind you that I do not like people who come into the bosom of my family to invite my wife to be disloyal to me," said Marius on the next occasion when he met Auguste, throwing a glass of wine in his face and pulling his nose with extreme violence.

From that moment, although it was never apparent on the surface, Auguste nursed a terrible hatred in his heart. "Marius, my friend," he said, when he had wiped off the wine, "I do not understand how I came to do such a thing. Forgive me and let us for the future forget that I was so foolish. You forgive me, Marius?"

"I forgive you, Auguste," said the younger man, "but let it be remembered between us that if you have anything to say to me, you will say it to my face. I do not like that my wife should be used in such a way. It is not *chic*, Auguste, and it is now forgotten."

But it was not forgotten by either of them: by Auguste because it was not in his nature to forgive an insult, especially an insult offered in public, and by Marius because, as a legacy of the four terrible years in the Résistance, his perceptions were so acute as to be almost uncanny.

"And now, Auguste," said Marius in friendly tones, "tell me what there was besides cigarettes in that heavy case which nearly drowned me."

"Because I know you do not chatter, Marius, I will tell you. The case contained a small bag of gold and two inner tubes of tyres, well inflated, so that even if an accident had occurred, the case would have floated."

"Why gold?" asked Marius, whose knowledge in the realm of postwar economics was not excessive.

"Because," replied Auguste, "the French people, fearing inflation, are willing to pay for gold something like double its legal price in other countries. If they are such fools as to pay this, why should we not bring it for them?"

"Why not, indeed?" agreed Marius. "I will bring in gold with the cigarettes, provided you tell me in advance that there will be gold. It is better in small bags. I will attach them to buoys, like the lobster traps, and, if it becomes necessary to throw them overboard, I know the sea bottom out there by the island as well as I know my own back garden."

And so for a few months Marius became a gold smuggler. Out of the profits of the traffic he was able to buy the new block of apartments. He made a down payment of four million francs, undertaking to pay off the balance in two years.

Then one night a rendezvous was made at sea with a strange ship, manned by a Levantine crew from the Eastern Mediterranean. Only one of them spoke French. When the cigarettes had been trans-shipped, the French-speaking man handed Marius a small parcel weighing perhaps two pounds.

"You will please give this into Auguste's hand," he said.

"What is in the parcel?" asked Marius.

"I understand it contains some American nylon stockings for his wife."

"That is strange," replied Marius, "for if

Inwardly apprehensive but outwardly arguing

Auguste has a wife she must be singularly lacking in jealousy, as he is with a different woman almost every evening. Nevertheless, I will give him the stockings."

There was no gold on this trip. When the cigarettes had been loaded into a lorry at a lonely spot several miles west of Fréjus, Marius turned his boat thoughtfully in the direction of home. When he arrived at his house, Auguste was sitting outside in his car, waiting for him.

Marius did not invite Auguste to come into the house. There were things he had to say to Auguste which would be easier to say elsewhere. Marius never had invited his associate into his home, for home, in his simple philosophy, was a sacred place, to which one invited only true friends.

"What brings you here at this late hour?" asked Marius in friendly tones. "There is nothing wrong, I hope?"

"No, nothing wrong, Marius, but I would

heatedly, Auguste was taken from his car. The two gendarmes ignored his protests. "You will accompany us to the gendarmerie, monsieur," they said

like the small parcel which you were asked to bring to me," said Auguste.

"Ah, yes, the American nylon stockings for the beautiful wife you have married without telling me anything about her. . . . Is that it?"

"Yes, Marius, that is the parcel, but I know nothing about the matter of a wife. Me, I am still a bachelor and such I will remain. And now, if you will give me the parcel, I will not keep you longer from your bed."

"The parcel—does it contain cigarettes or gold?" asked Marius.

"No, it contains neither," was the irritable reply.

"Then, Auguste, surely you have not forgotten our agreement? I was to bring you gold or cigarettes, but nothing else would I handle unless consulted in advance."

"That was the agreement, Marius, but it was not to be interpreted too literally. Surely, if I wish to bring in a few trifles for the girls I know, you are not going to stand on ceremony? Give me the parcel and I will go."

"I will give you the parcel, Auguste, when I am assured that it contains only a few trifles. Let me see these trifles, please."

He was now bristling with vague suspicions. Every sense was alert.

AUGUSTE suppressed his rage, while Marius, by the light of an electric flashlight, unwrapped the parcel, which contained six bottles of what appeared to be a white powder.

"What is this powder, Auguste?" he asked, uncorking one of the bottles.

"It is some new American beauty preparation," said Auguste carelessly. "Alphonsine asked me to bring it for her. These women who think they can set the clock back!"

Marius poured a few grains of the powder into the palm of his hand, smelled it and then went through the motions of brushing it off. But when he said good night to Auguste, there were a few particles still in the crevices of his hand.

They parted amicably enough, these two, but each knew that they had come to the crossroads of their relationship. Things would never again be the same between them.

On the following morning, with a few particles of the white powder in an envelope, Marius went to see a friend in Cannes who was a qualified chemist, asking him to try to identify the powder. At five o'clock in the afternoon, when Marius called again, he was informed that the powder was pure cocaine.

This did not mean very much to him, but when it was explained that the seemingly innocuous powder left in its wake a trail of untold misery and suffering, Marius knew a deep, implacable anger. Cigarettes and gold were harmless enough, but he did not want it on his conscience that for the sake of money he was condemning fellow human beings to

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Blow me! They're wonderful!

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The first men stagger ashore from the wrecked Clan Macquarrie, after their ten-hour rescue in a raging gale. Each one carries his personal treasures

THE GREAT STORM (2) by J. Lennox Kerr

SOS—and seamen seek a ship that isn't there

As the hurricane battered the Princess Victoria, the radio operator sent a last signal for help—and the position he gave was wrong

STEADILY, the Princess Victoria's list to starboard increased. The water gushed past the buckled stern gates, washing back and forth across the car deck. It dislodged the cargo stowed there, sending it to one side. Its weight tilted the ship enough to gather more and more water on the starboard side. The two-inch and three-inch scuppers for draining the deck were not designed to clear it of the amount of water the ship was taking in.

Two steel doors in her side at the car deck would have given the sea a clean run through if they could have been opened; but an order to open them had been countermanded. Releasing them would have been an impossible task, anyway; the men trying to open the fastenings would have been washed aside like corks, or killed by the cargo and wooden trays being hurled about by the water.

In the log-books of ships and wireless and coastguard stations all round Britain, the drama of the great storm of January 31, 1953, had been unfolding for more than ten hours now.

It had started when, with the day only seventeen minutes old, the gale had suddenly changed direction and thrown a cargo ship named Clan Macquarrie on the rocky coast of the Island of Lewis, in the Hebrides. Ten hours later, a life-saving team from Stornoway was still struggling to save the sixty-six men trapped on the battered vessel.

Then, 240 miles south, in the North Channel between Stranraer and Larne, a tempestuous sea attacked the ferry ship Princess Victoria, and hammered in the stern gates leading on to her car deck. The water swept on board her, breaking the cargo lashings and tilting the ship to starboard.

At a quarter to ten, the ship had radioed that she was in difficulties and hove to off the mouth of Loch Ryan, north of Stranraer. At 10.31 a.m., William Ross, the duty operator at Portpatrick Wireless Station, picked up an S O S. Minutes later, the ship called: "Four miles N.W. of Corsewall. Car deck flooded. Heavy list to starboard. Require immediate assistance. Ship not under command."

Ross and his watchmate repeated the signal to all ships by wireless telegraphy and telephony, then comforted the Princess Victoria with a signal telling her the destroyer Contest was proceeding from Rothesay to her assistance, and would be with her at 2 p.m. Ten minutes later, at 10.54 a.m., the stricken ship asked for "immediate assistance now." None was available.

In this channel, usually alive with shipping entering and leaving the Clyde, Belfast Lough and the Irish Sea, hardly a ship moved that day.

Lifeboat Fought Roaring Water

Only the Portpatrick lifeboat, Jeannie Speirs, was anywhere near, and she was fighting heavy seas that washed over and into her as she passed up the coast towards Corsewall Point. The thirty-eight foot boat was undergoing her own special hell as she struggled northward into the hurricane seas that tilted her almost on her stern, then sent her diving into another mass of swelling, roaring water.

On board the Princess Victoria, only one seamanlike action remained for the erect and composed Captain Ferguson. He could not continue moving northward, for that would take the ship towards even heavier seas. He could not lie hove to, for the Princess Victoria, with her light draught and high decks, needed headway to steer in a sea like this. He could not return to Loch Ryan stern first, because the heavy weather prevented men going to the forecastle head to unlock the bow rudder. And he could

ILLUSTRATION BY CLIVE UPTTON

Owen flew his rescue aircraft low over the Clan Macquarrie. Below, he saw coastguards and villagers hauling men ashore under terrible conditions

not return to the loch, running downwind, because that would present his open stern to the high, following seas.

His only chance was to bring her round to port and head for Ireland. Here, on the eastern side of the thirty-mile stretch of water, she was exposed to the full force of this tremendous gale; every mile she made towards Ireland would take her out of the exposed water and towards a lee. A few hours would see her under the shelter of the Irish coast.

The loudspeakers of the ship's intercommunication system crackled: "Your attention, everyone. The captain asks you to be prepared for heavy rolling. The ship is going through a severe test, but there is no danger. You are quite safe."

The navigating officer gave a fresh course, and the seas came on her starboard bow. The sound of the storm changed its note. The climbing water sought hungrily over the deck. The ship rose high to preserve herself, then rolled back. That ominous starboard list became still more evident. Slowly, the Princess Victoria moved ahead, reeling heavily to each blow from the sea.

Some time between 10.30 and 11.30 a.m., on orders from the bridge, stewards and helpers from among the men passengers gathered the people from sleeping-berths and saloons into the wide, first-class saloon vestibule. Seamen passed lifebelts down from the long boxes on the boat deck above, and stewards told the passengers how to wear the duck-covered cork, helping them to fasten the tapes.

The loudspeakers crackled again: "Attention, everybody. The ship is going through a period of grave emergency. Lifebelts are being issued. Passengers are also asked to put on some warm clothes."

No one panicked. The passengers held on to storm hand-rails round the sides of the vestibule, trusting entirely to the white-coated stewards.

Engine Room Became A Trap

The seamen worked on the outer deck and on the open boat deck above. They struck away the fastenings of seat rafts so that if the ship sank, the rafts would float clear. They climbed into the boats along the ship's high side and checked over plugs and gear and saw that oars were ready for use. They clambered from place to place with difficulty, for the deck sloped steeply now and the wind and seas tried to tear them from where they held on.

In the engine room, engineers and greasers watched water streaming down from the edges of doors. Pumps worked to get rid of the water, but the men could see it rising against the ship's side. As the Princess Victoria rolled over to port, then sank back to that nerve-testing angle to starboard, the water washed against them. Now and then, an engineer climbed up the steep, steel ladders to peer out on deck, then returned into his metal box of an engine room that was becoming every moment more and more a trap.

In the small wireless cabin behind the bridge, David Broadfoot, the tall, bony-featured radio operator, sent out his carefully spaced and tapped Morse. The wireless cabin was on the listing starboard side. Broadfoot's chair faced forward near the door into the wheelhouse. As he worked he had to brace himself against the tilt. In half a dozen shore stations, operators marvelled at the perfection of his Morse.

At 11.57 a.m. he signalled to the destroyer: "Princess Victoria to Contest—thirty-five degrees list to starboard. Approximately two hundred tons water and cargo in car deck. . . ." Fourteen minutes later, he called the destroyer again: "Have started radar. Will try to get bearing." But at 12.47, he added: "Sorry, radar no use. Too much list."

As Broadfoot tapped out his distress calls and call-sign, Ross, the operator on the cliffs above Portpatrick, caught them on the direction finding instrument at the end of his table. At each new S O S, he turned a knob controlling a long pointer revolving round a circle graduated into 360 degrees.

The signals coming through Ross's earphones faded as the pointer reached a position on the dial, then disappeared. At once he turned the

David McKibben (left) stayed close to his home. He was half expecting the message that sent Nelson and the Donaghadee lifeboat's crew into the teeth of a gale to find the Princess Victoria

pointer to a position directly opposite, where the signals again faded and disappeared. These two opposite positions made a straight line of bearing to the sender of the message.

Ross switched over to his main receiver in time to take the message that followed the distress call and call-sign, acknowledged the signal, then re-broadcast what he had heard. At the end of his broadcast he added the bearing he had discovered.

A single bearing gives direction, but no distance. On a chart, it gives a single straight line extending from the receiving station. To locate a position requires two or more bearings from different stations. Where these bearings cross should, theoretically, be the position of the sender.

In other wireless stations, at Malin in the Irish Republic and Seaforth on the Mersey, operators similarly took bearings of the Princess Victoria's signals. They broadcast these bearings, but warned that they were technically unreliable. Both these distant stations received the signals over land, which might have distorted the sound waves. But later, when experts tried to reconstruct the Princess Victoria's track across the North Channel, these wireless bearings were reckoned to have been far nearer correct than the Princess Victoria's own estimate of her position.

In Broadfoot's signal at 11.57 a.m. that day, the ship gave her position as five miles west by south of Corsewall Point, on the north tip of the Rhinns of Galloway. Eight minutes later, however, Portpatrick and Malin wireless stations picked up a series of "Vs" transmitted by the Princess Victoria for direction finding, and made the ship's position six and a half miles south-west of her own estimated position. But cross-bearings, to be reliable, should be crossing at a broad angle. The Malin and Portpatrick bearings were almost on a straight line.

Destroyer Had Been Damaged

The ship believed herself closer to the Scottish coast. Her signals said she was in a critical condition, her starboard engine room flooding. With no message mentioning that she was still using her engines, it looked as if she was drifting helplessly down on the Galloway coast. Already, cars streamed out of Stranraer loaded with blankets. Buses stood by loaded with comforts for the people who would be saved. The destroyer Contest was making for the position off Corsewall. The man-of-war had met the heavy seas when she came clear of the island of Arran and, after one of her boats had been damaged and two of her men hurt, she had reduced speed. Her commanding officer sent a signal to tell the Princess Victoria that he would be later than anticipated.

The Portpatrick lifeboat drove north along the Galloway coast. She reached the position given by the Princess Victoria but could see nothing but huge, rearing seas and driving snow and sleet. She turned to search to the southward. But the ferry ship, listing critically now, moved out into the middle of the North Channel.

Storm Drove Cargo Ship Back

Across the North Channel, in Belfast Lough, Captain Hugh Angus Matheson, the thick-set relieving master of the coastal cargo steamer Orchy, trading regularly into Belfast, turned on his radio set in the wheelhouse to listen to the 12.55 weather forecast from the B.B.C. Matheson had sailed from Belfast that morning, but he had turned back to Belfast Lough for shelter.

The weather forecast was not reassuring. From Iceland to the Irish Sea, severe, gale-force northerly winds were predicted. Squally showers, mainly of hail or snow, would affect most places. It would be cold generally. As he planned where to anchor, Captain Matheson left the radio tuned to the B.B.C. to hear the news broadcast. The first item concerned the ferry ship Princess Victoria.

Matheson tuned his radio to the shipping wave-length, to learn more. He could do nothing to help. The Princess Victoria, according to the news, was on the other side of the channel, more than thirty miles away, and probably onshore by now.

The shipmaster held his ship up towards the northern shore of the lough. The old steamer rolled heavily, plunging steeply into the great seas and filling her decks. Each blow made every stay rattle and lifted the propeller clear of the water. Captain Matheson was amazed to find such seas here.

He had been listening to Portpatrick Radio repeating the Princess Victoria's signals. As he moved to look into his ship's compass and take a quick bearing of a shore mark, the radio in the corner of the wheelhouse spoke again. The master looked up, astounded. The Princess Victoria, now almost on her beam ends and

Captain Matheson, of the Orchy, sailed to find the sinking ship, astounded to learn that she lay miles from where rescuers were searching

At Portpatrick, Spreadborough waited in vain for news that the missing ferry was sighted. Mist and snow blotted out the storming sea

Armstrong, the engineer on the Donaghadee lifeboat, kept the engines running while solid masses of sea swept into his exposed cockpit

Broadfoot ignored all difficulties and continued to send his distress calls doggedly until the end

Ross, the Portpatrick operator, caught Broadfoot's signals from the Princess Victoria. The last message he heard was : "Sorry for Morse, old man," and the ship's position. Then there was silence

about to be abandoned, had reported sighting Copelands Lighthouse, at the southern corner of the entrance to Belfast Lough. She estimated her position as five miles due east of the lighthouse.

"My God!" Matheson said to his mate. "She's not on the Scottish side at all."

Matheson quickly brought the Orchy round, and hastily arranged a search with the captains of two nearby ships, the Lairdsmoor and a coastal oil tanker, the Pass of Drumochter. The trio moved out of the lough in widely spaced line abreast, the Orchy to the northward, the Lairdsmoor farthest south and the small tanker between them.

The tanker went ahead, half awash, ballasted with sea water to give her some hold in the seas that seemed to engulf her. In the Lairdsmoor's hold, eight hundred cattle swayed to the rolling, calling their protests as they stood tethered in their stalls.

Captain Matheson's amazement, when he learned that the stricken ship was close to the Irish coast, was shared by others. The whole rescue was being organized on the assumption that the Princess Victoria was helpless and drifting down towards the Mull of Galloway.

The Princess Victoria's signal at eight minutes past one: "Now stopped . . . on beam ends," was the first that those on shore knew of her engines moving at all, since her urgency call at 9.46 a.m. At 1.15 p.m., Broadfoot said the ship was being abandoned.

Situation Baffled Coastguards

Then, at 1.47 p.m. came the startling signal: "Princess Victoria to Portpatrick Radio—Captain says he can see . . . lighthouse . . . opeltnd . . . off entrance to Belfast Lough. Sorry for Morse."

At once Portpatrick Radio asked: "Is it Copeland?" The Princess Victoria answered: "Yes."

Portpatrick asked: "Can you get a bearing?" The ship said: "Sorry, can't see it for squall."

At 1.54 p.m., David Broadfoot gave his ship's estimated position as five miles east of the Copelands. He added: "Sorry for Morse, O.M. [old man]. On beam end." From Portpatrick, Ross called: "Do not let that worry you, O.M."

Four minutes later, at 1.58 p.m., Broadfoot repeated his position. It was his last signal.

At 1.21 p.m., William Charles Spreadborough, the district officer of coastguards at Portpatrick, had decided to extend the search towards Ireland. He was with the station officer and another coastguard in the small hut alongside the radio station. A chart of the northern section of the Irish Sea was spread out on a table and the district officer was trying to reconstruct the track of the Princess Victoria.

Baffled by the fact that the Princess Victoria had not by now drifted either on to or within sight of the Scottish coast, he decided to call on the Donaghadee lifeboat, stationed just south of Belfast Lough, to join the search.

David McKibben, a Donaghadee auctioneer and honorary secretary to the lifeboat institution there, had decided not to go to a football match as he had planned, but to stay close to his home that day. At 1.22 p.m. he took the half expected telephone message, and fired off the maroon to summon the lifeboat crew.

Crew Ran To Board The Lifeboat

McKibben gave the sixty-three year old coxswain, Hugh Nelson, the message he had received: a vessel was in distress somewhere between Portpatrick and Belfast Lough and required immediate assistance. The lifeboat men were already running along the breakwater, hauling on or still carrying their long, yellow oilskin coats. The wind was strong even in here, where the harbour was protected from the north-west wind by the land to the north, and by the Copeland Islands out from that land.

The men had to crawl backwards over the ledge of the granite quay, the wind pressing them against the rungs of the ladder as they climbed into the small boat kept as a ferry between shore and lifeboat. The Donaghadee lifeboat, Sir Samuel Kelly, a forty-six foot craft of the most modern design and powered by two diesel engines, was moored near the harbour entrance to enable her to leave at all states of the tide. The men climbed aboard her and the engineer started up his engines and checked over his gauges and the radio telephone instrument.

The engine controls were in the cockpit amidships, and the engineer's post was on a locker seat against the port side, so that he sat facing inboard. The assistant engineer sat facing him on a similar seat, to handle the starboard engine controls, while the coxswain, Hugh Nelson, stood above and a little aft of the engineers, with the wheel on a higher level.

The cockpit casing swelled up, rounded, sheltering the engineers from the full force of boarding seas; it had a windscreen to give the coxswain some protection. The sides of the cockpit were open almost to the side decks. Eighteen minutes after David McKibben had picked up the telephone, the gleaming, polished lifeboat was under way. . . .

Some time earlier that morning, the coastguards in Scotland had called Aldergrove R.A.F. airfield beside Lough Neagh, outside Belfast, to help in the rescue work made necessary by the storm. A few seconds later, the duty officer in the central tower called over the airfield loudspeakers: "Dinghy! Dinghy! Dinghy! Air crew to briefing."

The R.A.F. in Britain is organized into districts for search and rescue services. At certain aerodromes, an aircraft and crew stand by constantly. The aircraft is equipped with self-inflating rubber dinghies, flares and life-rafts. When the control officer receives a call, he summons the duty crew to him.

Now, at Aldergrove, Master Pilot George Henry Owen raced for the control tower while his crew made for their aircraft.

The duty officer gave Owen his orders. A ship, the Clan Macquarrie was aground on the west coast of the Island of Lewis in the Hebrides, and communication with the shore had failed. The aircraft might be of service. Owen, a short, dapper Welshman, left the tower and made for his aircraft.

Snow Blizzard Struck Aircraft

Fifteen minutes after the control officer had summoned the crew, the aircraft was heading north. Crossing the northern coast of Ireland, it met a snow blizzard, and Owen was forced to climb to fifteen thousand feet to find better conditions.

Master Pilot Owen kept the aircraft heading towards Lewis, and at half-past twelve they were over the Butt of Lewis and flying at four hundred feet. The sea under them was in turmoil, a smother of white, breaking waves. The machine was being tossed and tilted by the force of the gale and had to be fought. Owen swung her southward to follow the coast.

In a few minutes they sighted the Clan Macquarrie. Owen flew low over her. He could see the ship sitting upright on the rocks, and the life-saving team on shore. The breeches buoy had been rigged between ship and shore now, and a man was dangling half-way along the hawser. There was nothing here an aircraft could do to help, so Owen told the signaller to report that the coastguards had the situation at the Clan Macquarrie well in hand, and to request further orders.

Down on the shore, Tom Price, the trimly built

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THE MAN WITHOUT PITY

by ***GARNETT RADCLIFFE***

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RAINER

Mahmud implored them to stop this barbarous punishment; his wife was innocent. For answer, the white man told him: "Find another wife"

SHUBIJAYA WOKE AND FANCIED she was in her own hut. She put out her hand and was comforted to feel Mahmud's hard thin body beside her. She turned and snuggled to his side like a puppy. They were Fadli Arabs who lived in the village of Hirran on the South Arabian coast, and they were very poor.

"Are you awake, Mahmud?"

"Yes, little one." He had been awake all night, lying rigid and praying to Allah to stop the sun so that the dawn would never break.

"Put your arms around me," Shubijaya murmured. "I have had such a strange and evil dream. I dreamed men were coming to cut my hands off because they said I had stolen a bangle from the wife of Gul Shah. But I hadn't stolen the bangle, Mahmud, I had not. . . . I have never even seen the bangle. Gul Shah's wife accused me because of the malice in her heart. Do you believe me, Mahmud?"

"Sleep," Mahmud said. "Forget the dream."

"You won't let them cut off my hands?"

"Sleep," he said again.

She slept. Mahmud remained awake, listening for the footsteps of the guards who would take her to the place of punishment at dawn.

Her dream had been no dream. They were not in their own hut; they were in the village prison. By the clemency of Sheikh Ali Haithan Fadli, he had been allowed to spend the night before punishment with his wife.

Her hands! He held them now against his heart. They were so small and soft they made him ache with pity. And they weren't the hands of a thief. He knew the truth—that she had been wrongfully accused because of the malice of another woman. But she had been found guilty, and by Fadli law the punishment for theft was to have both hands struck off at the wrist on the third dawn following the trial.

Now, she was awake again. This time she was properly awake. He embraced her and felt her heart beating like a trapped bird's.

"Kill me, Mahmud, I can't bear to live without my hands."

"While I'm alive, you'll need no hands. I'll dress you, tend you, feed you. I'll work hard and buy you the sweetmeats you love. Have courage, little one. Before I was only your husband; now I will be your father and mother as well."

"But I've brought shame on you," she moaned. "In the bazaar they'll mock you, calling you the husband of the handless thief. You must put me away and find another wife. It is your right by law."

"As if I would! Yesterday, when Major Grant

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There were steps and voices outside. Mahmud held her tight and whispered words of comfort. "Be brave, little one," he said. "I'll stand beside you"

Tony Hancock, comic who's haunted by laughter

by JACK ATACK

His large, sad eyes reflect his true personality. He's a clown who worries when he doesn't get the laughs—and worries when he does. That's the secret of his success

Wet fish and buckets of water are showered on Tony Hancock during his sketch as a lighthouse keeper. Tony doesn't complain—it gets a laugh

As BUTTONS in the Christmas pantomime, *Cinderella,* at Nottingham this year, Tony Hancock made his entrance to the ballroom scene by sliding down a flight of stairs from the wings to the centre of the stage on his heels, pausing at an intermediate landing and sliding down another flight of stairs to the front of the stage. When Dennis Main Wilson, a B.B.C. producer visiting Nottingham, appeared impressed by the feat, Hancock promised to take the two flights at one run the following night. As he reached the fifteenth step, however, he slipped, fell the rest of the way and brought down part of the scenery, including two chandeliers.

"The incident provoked gales of laughter from the audience," says Dennis Main Wilson. "But Tony worried about it."

An inveterate worrier, Hancock, at thirty, has forced himself up among Britain's leading comedians. Today he is one of the season's highest-paid entertainers in Blackpool, where he is appearing twice nightly with Jimmy Edwards at the Opera House. He has two cars, an expensive flat in Kensington, London, and a flat—for the summer season—overlooking Central Beach at Lytham, Lancs. His income from the George and Alfred Black shows in which he has starred since 1952 is augmented by appearances in his own B.B.C. radio series, in concert parties and, recently, in his first film.

Money's Safer In The Bank

In spite of his inherent caution, Hancock is one of the few leading comedians today who has not gone into business for himself. "If I had to leave the stage now," he said recently, "I would have nothing to fall back on." This is one of his prime anxieties. A friend points out that his idea of security is to have money in the bank where no one can get at it—including himself. This theory has often caused him embarrassment. When he came home ill after a performance of *London Laughs* several months ago, he had to use a neighbour's telephone to call a doctor. His own had been disconnected because he had not paid the bill.

Hancock's natural anxiety is regarded by others in the profession as the reason for his success. "It has enabled him to avoid the pitfalls into which many other comedians have stumbled," says Dennis Main Wilson.

After his first television appearances, Hancock refused further offers because he felt he was unsuited to the medium. He reasoned that there was no way of correcting a mistake, and that one bad performance could reduce his drawing power in the provincial and West End theatres where he can earn large sums. Once he refused £350 to appear in a two-minute film advertisement for a national detergent on the grounds that it would do him harm.

He has other methods of safeguarding his career. Recently he spread out a detailed map of England on a table in his Kensington flat and placed pins in it for each fan letter he had received. The resulting pattern enabled him to see where he could expect a rough passage in variety and would have to work harder.

He shows the same care about his choice of material as about his engagements. At a rehearsal of the radio show, *Calling All Forces,* he took exception to the jokes that had been written for him. After glancing at a page, he would hand it to the other billed comedian on the programme. In the end he had only a few pages left while his colleague had practically the whole book. "We had to write an entirely new script for him," says Alan Simpson, one of his script writers.

Missing Before Broadcast

A burly heavyweight of thirteen stone, with shaggy eyebrows and large, sad eyes, Hancock has a look of comic anxiety. "On the surface he is genial and jovial," says Roy Speer, a B.B.C. radio producer. "Inwardly he is a mass of nerves." Before one programme, Hancock could not be found anywhere in the studios. Five minutes before the broadcast he was discovered pacing up and down the corridor outside. "He looked ghastly," says Alan Simpson. "Not until he was on the air could he relax."

Hancock's first big chance came when he was booked for the Windmill Theatre in 1948. Vivian Van Damm, the manager, was so unsure of the new resident comedian that he refused to give him a contract until the middle of the week. Angered, Hancock worked furiously to improve his act. By the end of the week the audience seemed to tolerate him. At the end of his six-week engagement he was a hit.

He was booked for the radio programme, *Variety Bandbox,* the following year. Two years later he made his name in *Educating Archie* as Archie's tutor. Anxious not to become typed as part of an act, he eventually left the show. By 1952, he was chosen for the Royal Command Performance at the Palladium, and in the same year was engaged to replace Dick Bentley at the Adelphi in *London Laughs,* in which he starred with Jimmy Edwards and Vera Lynn and had his biggest success.

Hancock's present attitude has been attributed to his early mistakes in the profession. His first radio broadcast succeeded visually in the studio but "was not radio." His second broadcast—a complicated monologue—failed completely. In *Cinderella* at the Playhouse, Oxford, in 1948, Hancock was carried off stage as the Ugly Sister

With a familiar look of comic anxiety, Hancock poses helplessly at the wheel of his sports car. Thoroughly unmechanical, he lets his wife Cicely do the driving

Hancock smiles as Joan Turner attempts a solo on Jimmy Edwards's euphonium. The three are starring in Blackpool's *Talk Of The Town*

on the shoulders of a Spanish toreador. One night he decided to throw his skirts in the toreador's face to liven up the act. When he did, the man stepped over the footlights and fell into the orchestra pit, tumbling Hancock on to the stage.

Today he plans his material more carefully, but works just as hard for a laugh. After diving around the stage in a sketch where he imitated the introduction to a Gaumont-British newsreel some time ago, Hancock worked so hard that the padding he wore was not sufficient to protect him. In the end his legs were black and blue and he had to engage a trained acrobat to teach him how to fall without hurting himself. More recently his toe was badly bruised after his pianist, Murray Graham, stamped on it every night in a sketch. "It had been getting a laugh —and Tony didn't complain," says a friend.

A Human Alarm Clock

Hancock's humour is based primarily on satirizing modern life. "He holds the things he dislikes up to ridicule," says a friend. Hancock himself admits that his comedy is based on hatred. In his sketches he has satirized American crooners, film travelogues and machinery. An ordinarily late riser who has to be wakened early for rehearsals, Hancock recently started a sketch on alarm clocks. In the sketch he represents an alarm clock as a man sitting cross-legged in a corner, waiting to pounce on his victim. "He has the ability to see the animate in the inanimate," says his pianist. "To him each chair in a room represents a different kind of person."

Antony Hancock was born in Birmingham in 1924. His father was a publican and part-time entertainer. A friend remembers that Hancock was strong-willed and had a tenacity that often got him what he wanted. He could refuse things just as easily. When Hancock spotted a watch buried among sweets in a penny-in-the-slot crane machine, a friend spent all his change to get it for him. On discovering that it was a woman's watch, however, Hancock refused to wear it.

When he was fifteen, Hancock left boarding school and studied shorthand-typing at a technical college in Bournemouth. He tried jobs as a tailor's assistant and electrician's mate but left both after a few hours' work. Another job as domestic manager of a pub came to an early end because he drank so much in the morning, while decanting port in the basement, that he was not able to serve customers in the afternoon.

Through a friend of his father, he was appointed secretary of the Bournemouth War Organization and was paid two pounds a week for chartering buses and organizing touring shows for nearby army camps. Once, in the driving rain, he stood at the front of a queue of entertainers, waiting to go to Dorchester. After thirty minutes the bus had not turned up and he realized that he had forgotten to book it. Shortly afterwards it was agreed that he should retire from the post.

Hancock made his first professional appearance at the Bournemouth Labour Club in Avon Road, for ten and sixpence. There was so much noise that he could hardly be heard. In an attempt to improve his act he gathered at pubs with older people and listened to their jokes. "I assembled one of the most risqué acts in the south of England," he says. "It was a great hit at the army camps."

Hancock's cautious outlook showed itself in his early days as a comedian. Leslie Bridgemont, a producer in Bristol, stipulated that he should submit a typed copy of his script before a radio broadcast. Misinterpreting the term "typed script," Hancock had his act set up by a printer in Gothic type for three pounds. "When I went to Bristol," he says, "the producer was convulsed with laughter. I could see that he wondered what kind of a brainless comedian I was."

Volunteering for air crew in the R.A.F. in 1942, Hancock ended up carting coal from the camp compound to the boiler house. To cheer himself up, he gave himself the title of "fuel controller."

In the R.A.F., Hancock was a bewildered A.C.2 who was always getting into trouble. One night, while he sat up late writing letters at a camp in Wales, a caped figure poked his head around the door and called: "Turn out those lights." Hancock looked up cheerfully and muttered: "All right, cock. Just a minute." Enraged, the man ripped off his cape, revealing three stripes and a crown on his sleeve, and told Hancock how to behave in the presence of n.c.o.s in the future. After that he saluted everyone from warrant officers to postmen.

His fellow airmen regarded Hancock as a useless misfit, but his chance came when he was auditioned for the R.A.F. Gang Show. With it, he toured fifteen countries and played to several thousand servicemen. "It was the ideal testing ground," he says now. "I wasn't sure how good I was—and the audience had no alternative."

After demobilization, Hancock found himself broke in London. At the time he shared a flat with eight other people for four guineas a week. He would fill up on porridge in the morning and in the afternoon eat at the Nuffield Centre canteen for ex-servicemen, where he could get a meal for one and threepence.

The Joke That Misfired

Today Hancock is under contract to George and Alfred Black and has future engagements planned in radio, variety and in the West End. For relaxation he cruises down the River Wey with his twenty-five year old wife, Cicely, near her family home, and rides through the countryside in one of his two luxurious cars. Although he does not drive himself, he enjoys sitting beside his wife and giving directions. But in spite of prosperity he still retains his capacity to worry.

Half-way through Hancock's act on his last night in *London Laughs,* Jimmy Edwards, Hancock's pianist and an extra filed on to the stage as a vaudeville trio who had lost their way to the theatre. "It was supposed to be a joke on Tony," recalls a friend. "He was so startled by the sight that it took him several minutes to recover."

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

A thing to love

by ELSPETH HUXLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

He had the dog; he had a gun; and he knew Raphaelo was on guard. But Raphaelo belonged to Mau Mau . . .

KENYA, in the first wave of Mau Mau terrorism, was no place for a love affair—yet Pat Foxley, a young mission school teacher, found her thoughts constantly straying to Sam Gibson.

Sam, a farmer, had become a temporary District Officer. She was worried about his safety. She worried, too, about her parents on the farm near Tetu: Colonel Foxley, crippled by arthritis, would be helpless if they were attacked. And her mother would never leave him for the comparative safety of the town.

The mission at which Pat taught was ten miles from Sunguru, where Chief Kimani had recently been ambushed and killed. The murder had been engineered by Gitau, one of the Mau Mau leaders.

Gitau had fled from Nairobi with Josiah Kimani, a son of the chief, some weeks earlier. His cousin, Martha, was married to the Sunguru District Officer, Matthew Kimani—another of the chief's sons, and one of the few Africans in the administration. Her inside knowledge had been a great help to Gitau in planning the murder-ambush.

For Matthew, a devout Christian, the Mau Mau revolt meant an agonizing battle between his religion and the call of his blood. His father's death had left him stunned—and afraid that he would be next. But he had refused the District Commissioner's suggestion that he should leave the out-station until things improved. It would have looked as if he were running from his father's killers.

And so he stayed on, living in a nightmare world of fear, knowing that he was hated by his own kind. There was no one he could trust now, not even Martha. . . .

Yet others in Kenya were too trusting. Colonel Foxley, hobbling round his isolated farm, did not really believe it would be attacked. In any case, he thought, there was always Raphaelo, his headman, to warn him of danger. He could be sure of Raphaelo.

PART FOUR

The Zeal Of Raphaelo

"SOMEHOW or other, the District Commissioner has heard that Gitau is at Sunguru," said Gisuri, the district clerk. "They are sending askaris to look for him, and some European soldiers."

Josiah laughed, and said: "They will be searching for a flea on the back of a monkey. Gitau will go into the forest if there is any trouble."

They were sitting in a small, dark room behind an Indian shop in Tetu, where Josiah worked. The Indian had never before employed a man of such parts for so small a wage, and asked no questions about the Kikuyu whom he called James, and who could keep accounts and drive a bargain as well as himself, or any of his relatives.

"Gitau is a great man," Gisuri said admiringly. "The Spokesman himself could not have made a better plan, or carried it out more successfully."

"Perhaps," Josiah said rather sourly.

It was stuffy in the little office which had one small window which never opened and looked on to an insanitary lane. Bales of cloth were stacked in one corner, and a pile of hides just outside the door soured the air. When a third man came in, the room was crowded, and Josiah had to put away his ledger and sit on the desk.

The newcomer, who brought bottles of beer, was Solomon, the hospital clerk. Josiah extracted a loaf of bread from a drawer, and a packet of dripping.

For a while they munched in silence, and then Solomon said:

"Yesterday I had a visit from the man Raphaelo who works on Foxley's farm."

"He is an oath-giver," Josiah observed.

"He made me angry," Solomon continued. "He does not understand his duties well. He told me that people are protesting because they have paid money for the oaths and the Europeans have not yet gone, and he complained that he had paid two thousand shillings for the farm but the Europeans show no signs of leaving. What fools these country bumpkins are! They expect everything to be done in a few days."

Josiah drank his beer, wiped his mouth and said:

"They are fools, certainly, but it is no good being angry with them. We must keep together now, whatever happens. This Raphaelo, what sort of man is he?"

"He is a foreman, and can read and write, and people in the district follow him," said Solomon. "But I think he walks too much in the shadow of his employers. He would like their farm, but he thinks they will leave with the persuasion of the tongue and not the panga."

"And the Europeans? How are they?"

"They are old, and the man walks like a chameleon, with sticks. They have no sons."

"It seems to me that the zeal of this Raphaelo must be re-lit like a fire," Josiah suggested. "The new oath has not been given yet in that district. Shall we tell Raphaelo that everyone is to eat it—not only the higher people? Then perhaps he will see a way to drive the Europeans from the farm he has paid for."

JOSIAH had a soft voice and an insinuating way of speaking, and nearly always some deeper meaning lay behind his words. There was a short silence after he had spoken. Then Solomon said:

"This European's wife comes sometimes to the hospital with babies or mothers. She is a woman who does not shout as much as some, and has tried to help the Kikuyu."

"Then she is all the more dangerous."

"I do not understand."

"The Europeans who help our movement are those who bark like jackals and hit people when they are angry and say in loud voices, 'Boy, get out of my way.' Don't you see why? They

As the car pulled away, Pat looked back at her par

ts standing on their veranda with the giant guard dog. She had never felt so reluctant to leave them. "I'm praying nothing happens tonight," she said

keep hot the hatred of the European, as a smith's bellows heats his fire. They will send the young men to the forest for us, and teach them not to care for their lives. But the soft Europeans, who try to win us round with smiles and medicines, they are dangerous because, as we agreed just now, many people are fools, and will believe them, and say: 'These Europeans are not so bad, perhaps it would be a mistake to drive them out after all.' And if too many people were to think that, our plan would fail, and we, my brothers, would die."

The other two looked at him admiringly.

"Josiah's mind is deeper than a waterfall," Gisuri observed.

"There is a woman in hospital who comes from Foxley's farm," Solomon recollected. "I can give her a message to take to Raphaelo."

"What is to be done should be done quickly," Gisuri said. "More soldiers are coming to Tetu, I hear."

"Within one year there will be no European farmers left in that district," Josiah prophesied.

Solomon had not exaggerated Raphaelo's discontent; in fact, he had minimized it. There was not only the question of the two thousand shillings—which might as well have been thrown on the fire, as far as Raphaelo could see. When he'd been made an oath-giver he'd been told by Solomon, who spoke for the Tetu committee, that he would receive a fee of two shillings for each man who took the oath from him. Like a fool, he'd handed all the money over—he realized now he'd been a simpleton—and nothing had come back.

To make matters far worse, Raphaelo had sent his cattle into the reserve for safety, to be cared for by a brother, and now the whole lot had been seized by the government as part of a collective fine imposed because of Kimani's death. Raphaelo didn't know whether to be more angry with the government or with the conspiracy, which had brought this trouble on him by murdering the chief.

THREE days later, the wife of one of the milkers came back from hospital in Tetu and gave him a message. A meeting was to be held on the following Saturday when everyone was to eat the oath; Raphaelo must arrange it, and a big man would come from Tetu the day before to see that it was done properly. In particular, it was important that everyone who worked in European houses should attend. The fee for the oath was to be forty shillings, and everyone must pay.

Raphaelo grumbled about this. "We have all been sworn, we are all members," he said, "and what is the use of repeating it? Do they think in Tetu that the birds drop shillings from the sky? Where is everyone to get forty shillings?"

"They will have to go to the bwana," replied Karioki, the cook. "Don't you see that you are foolish to grumble? Won't you receive a fee for each oath?"

Raphaelo had not been strictly accurate in saying that everyone on the farm had been sworn in already. There was Njombo, the houseboy, who had hitherto refused. "You'll have to eat it this time," Karioki said to him. "Someone is coming from Tetu, and if you refuse you will be beaten and perhaps killed."

"I shall not do so," Njombo said stubbornly. He came from a part of Kikuyuland where people had a name for being aloof and queer, and among whom the conspiracy had not yet made much headway. "Everyone had to pay sixty shillings several months ago, and what did they get for it? An ox, two fat rams and a suit of clothes? I did not see them. Now you are asking for another forty shillings. Why

He glanced back, sweating hard. Nothing moved ; the only sound in the house was his own breathing

should I pay money to you and to people I do not know in Tetu, and to others in Nairobi who go about in cars and eat chickens?"

"You had better pay it," Karioki repeated. "You will not have much use for your money when you have been strangled and thrown into the bush to be eaten by vultures." But Njombo still refused.

THE place selected for the ceremony lay beyond the Foxleys' river in a forest glade. The moon had died, and the stars emerged like wild beasts from the forests of the night to prick the darkness with their cold, keen eyes. A fire of dry branches burned in the open glade. The flames leaped and subsided, lighting softly the arms and shoulders of the company.

Many people had assembled. They sat in a big circle round the fire, waiting silently, for no one dared to speak or laugh. Spirits were everywhere tonight; spirits and mysteries beyond comprehension, generated by the rites in which all the living must participate to bind all present, the living and the dead, in a secret fellowship.

A low arch of banana leaves had been built near the fire and six sheep tethered there, three ewes and three rams. After a while, the sheep were stifled and cut up in a certain way. This was done under the direction of Raphaelo, who had thrown off his shirt and trousers and wore a white robe with a green cross roughly stitched on it. Near him, in the shadows, sat Josiah, who had come from Tetu and given instructions which had startled Raphaelo and dismayed him, but which, nevertheless, he knew that he was bound to obey.

One by one, the people in the circle came forward and stood before Raphaelo stark naked, the firelight playing on their dark skins. Then, on all fours, like animals, they crawled through the arch while Raphaelo intoned the words of a prayer to the God of Kerinyagga.

As each man—and, later, women also took part—ate his raw and revolting portion of the sacrifice, he repeated after Raphaelo seven oaths.

"If I am ordered to kill a European I will do so, and not turn back," each man contracted, his face wet with blood. "If I am told to steal a gun I will do so, and not turn back." Josiah's eyes were fixed upon Raphaelo, who, least of anyone, could now retract. "If I am told to maim a European's cattle I will do so, and not turn back."

Raphaelo's voice was gathering confidence as a spirit of excitement and hatred began to rise from the company, like mist from a swamp.

"If I am told to burn a European's crops I will do so, and not flinch. If any man who has eaten this oath asks for help I will give it to him at all times."

By now, the flesh of the watchers in the outer circle was tingling, their breath was quickening and sometimes one of them let out a soft cry or moan.

"If I am told to kill an askari I will do so, and take his gun." Sweat sprang into the palms of hands which itched to feel a man's windpipe in their grasp. "If I reveal this oath to any man or woman, I shall die."

BY the time the last oath was sworn, all the meat and gristle had been swallowed to the last scrap; the oaths were now within each man, they had merged into his body, and no power on earth or beyond it could free him from his bond. It did not matter whether he agreed or did not agree with what was to be done, any more than it mattered whether he agreed with the falling of the rain or the hatching of the termites; it was something which must happen for good or for ill, and he must acquiesce and participate.

Now each man had become like the spoke of a wheel: for, when a wheel goes round, can one spoke separate itself from the others? All travel together, one with the other, joining the hub to the rim: and as to where the wheel is going, whether it will sink into the mud or bump over the rocks or climb up to the top of the mountain, who can say, and how can a spoke change the direction?

The rite did not proceed without an interruption. A few of those summoned to attend had foolishly ignored the order, among them Njombo, the houseboy, who had again refused to listen to Karioki's warning and had stayed at home. Or, rather, he'd stayed in his employer's kitchen, for he knew that Colonel Foxley was never separated from his revolver and supposed that if he remained always within earshot of the colonel, he would be able to shout for help if he were molested.

And so, on the night of the oath, after all the supper dishes had been washed, Njombo had gone to sleep on a bed of sacks and blankets near the kitchen stove. He was awakened by a knock, and when he cried out, "Who is it?" the voice of his eldest daughter replied. He was to come at once, she said, because her mother had been taken ill.

"Is this a trap?" Njombo said. "Who told you to come?"

"It is no trap, it is true and I am frightened," the girl replied.

Njombo went to the door and opened it to question his daughter, and in an instant a hand was pressed over his mouth, his arms were pinioned and he was at the mercy of his enemies. He bit a finger as a gag was forced into his mouth and received in return a kick which doubled him up in agony. But he could not scream. Flung roughly over a man's shoulder, struggling fruitlessly, he was carried through the darkness until, gasping for breath and with a bursting heart, he found himself lying beside a fire with hostile faces all round, and above him the face of Raphaelo.

"Njombo," Raphaelo said, "you are to stand

Continued on page 42

An assistant hands a lot to a buyer after it has been sold by Gwen Brooks. "You can set your watch by the timing of her auctions," says one of her clients

Both Gwen Brooks and her husband, Max Uehlinger, are keen collectors. They met at a stamp exhibition in Switzerland

Gwen Brooks reigns over the stamp treasures

by JOAN POWE

"No one can argue with me," she says. And, firmly, she hustles her all-male audience through auctions which she times to a second

ON THE APRIL MORNING in 1951 when Gwen Brooks became the first woman to take the auctioneer's rostrum at a stamp sale at Christies, two dealers made up their minds to outbid each other for a particular lot. When bidding ended, they jumped to their feet, both claiming that they had made the final bid. An uproar began to develop among the two hundred people in the sale room. It looked like being an auctioneer's nightmare.

But Gwen Brooks was not intimidated by her surroundings, nor by the fact that the sale she was conducting was the biggest single collection of Great Britain stamps ever sold in this country.

Another auctioneer might have decided to re-offer the disputed lot, but the matter was already settled in her mind. Pointing to one of the dealers, she advised him to take his seat. "That was not your lot, sir," she said. "You were not bidding."

No further dispute was possible. It was the first and last time the dealer tried to get the better of a woman auctioneer.

Unshakable confidence when handling crowds and a thorough grasp of the principles of auctioneering have earned Gwen Brooks—the only woman auctioneer on the staff of Robson Lowe, stamp auctioneers and publishers—the title of "The Blonde Bombshell" of the stamp world.

Sales like the one at Christies—which lasted for almost a year—form only a part of her job. Before a sale, she spends up to three months preparing catalogues, and she is also a valuer and describer for early Great Britain stamps. She averages one auction a week, often of rare stamps. Once she knocked down a single stamp, the "I.R. official" 1902-4 King Edward VII sixpenny mint, to a dealer for £800.

A small, neatly built woman of thirty-eight, with unusual colouring—her hair has been described by a member of the firm as "rich strawberry blonde"—Miss Brooks spent twelve years as an auctioneer's clerk before taking up auctioneering in 1946. Part of her success is due to her frankness.

At a sale last July at the firm's Pall Mall auction rooms, a wealthy British collector sat through three-quarters of the proceedings without offering a bid, then finally bid £2 for a small lot. There was a bid of £2 1s. against him and, from the rostrum, Miss Brooks told him he could have the lot for two guineas.

"It costs us that amount to have you sit here for two hours without buying," she added, jokingly. The collector accepted with a chuckle, and later told the story against himself at his club. "She is one of the few women who can tell me off and get away with it," he boasted.

She has made it clear from her earliest days on the rostrum that she stands no nonsense from the all-male audiences. One London business man began to give her a cheery wink as he took his seat. Miss Brooks ignored it at first. Then she accepted the wink as a bid, and knocked down to him a £340 set of stamps.

Cigarette Flick Means Money

"It taught him a lesson, although, of course, I did not hold him to the bid," she says. "I have to watch a sale very closely, and distractions must be avoided."

Dealers and collectors at stamp sales bid almost imperceptibly. Some do it by simply keeping their eyes on her, looking away only when they have withdrawn from bidding. Others crook a forefinger or flick a cigarette. One man always bids by a curious fastidious wrinkling of the nose which Miss Brooks has never yet missed.

In 1948, a Belgian buyer, attending his first stamp sale in Britain, could not take his eyes off the rostrum when he saw a woman in charge. "Please do not look at me, sir," Gwen Brooks told him. "Otherwise I shall have to include you in the bidding."

The test of a good auctioneer is complete control over a sale room. Miss Brooks bids on behalf of clients, handles postal bids, and accepts bids from members of the audience. "No one can argue with me, and I settle all disputes."

Once, in 1947, a group of dealers at the Pall Mall auction rooms formed a "ring"—illegal at any auction—to buy up a number of lots cheaply and split them after the sale. From the rostrum, Gwen Brooks spotted them talking

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

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together during the proceedings. "Unless you stop whispering," she warned them, "I must ask you to leave the rooms."

When this had no effect she began bidding against them on behalf of the vendor, buying back the lots at their market value. At subsequent sales they were re-offered, brought fair prices, and resulted in a gift of champagne for Gwen Brooks from the grateful vendor.

Auctions are conducted in almost complete silence apart from the sound of the auctioneer's voice. Miss Brooks can remember only one occasion when a client shouted a bid. He was a rather nervous clergyman, anxious to secure a set of Western Australian penny De La Rue "White Swans."

"I don't know which of us was the more surprised when he shouted," she says.

Timing Failed Once

Nearly two million stamps a year are sold by Gwen Brooks from the rostrum. She sells three lots a minute, 180 lots an hour. Approximate selling times for lots are listed in the auction catalogues, and members of the firm say she has never been behind schedule. This helps private collectors—lawyers, doctors, detectives or business men, who cannot spare the time to sit through the whole sale.

"It is possible to set your watch by Miss Brooks during an auction," says Albert Hershman, a British collector. "If I want a lot which is listed for sale at 11.27 a.m., I know I can arrive with only a few minutes to spare and be sure of a chance to bid."

This split-second timing broke down on only one occasion. Miss Brooks speeded up selling so much at a sale that she finished ten minutes before the listed time. She then found that a buyer had arrived too late to bid.

"It was remedied by allowing him to have a similar lot offered in a future sale," she says.

As cataloguer and valuer for the firm, she occasionally travels abroad to attend Continental stamp exhibitions. A trip to Switzerland in 1948 led to a meeting with Max Uehlinger, a Swiss stamp expert, who wanted to work in Britain. He joined the staff of Robson Lowe three months later, and in 1950 he married Gwen.

Money Was Returned

Uehlinger is in charge of cataloguing foreign stamps. He and Gwen work as a team on stamp valuations. Occasionally, people try to pass fake or repaired stamps as genuine. One client brought in a strip of four Penny Blacks, first issued in 1840. It was auctioned for £18 10s. to a collector.

A few days later it came back. Close examination had shown minute repair marks, which reduced its value to a few shillings.

"I had missed it, and the buyer missed it at view day," says Gwen Brooks. His money was returned, and the strip was resold as a repaired strip.

More troublesome was the mystery of a rare Ceylon 1859 fourpenny rose, sold by Miss Brooks for £115 at a 1949 auction. Almost three years later, it was returned to Uehlinger's department by a man who claimed that the margin was faked, making it valueless. He accused both the original owner and the firm of knowingly selling it falsely as a collector's item.

The stamp's history was unusual. It had changed hands four times abroad before the faked margin was discovered, and the Royal Certificate which accompanied it was missing. The certificate is issued by a committee of the Royal Philatelic Society which has examined a rare stamp and passed it as genuine. Records giving the stamp's "pedigree" were consulted, and in this case there was a photograph in the 1949 catalogue.

"We stopped worrying when we saw the photograph," says Uehlinger. "It proved that the margin was added after our client had sold the stamp. The purpose was to increase the stamp's value, provided the faking went unnoticed in resales."

On view days there may be thousands of pounds worth of rare stamps on display, and it is then that Gwen Brooks finds it particularly useful to have a good memory for faces.

In 1941 she was responsible for the arrest of a man who had pilfered almost £50 worth of stamps from an album, under the pretence of inspecting them at a viewing. When the case came to court, she was chief witness for the prosecution.

"Although he did not know it, I had my eye on him from the moment he entered the view rooms," she says. "He was well dressed, and seemed perfectly at ease. But I knew he was not a client."

From her desk at the end of the room she saw the man finger the stamps and occasionally slip his hand into his side pocket. Passing behind him, she caught sight of a gap at the foot of one of the pages of the album.

Detectives took the man into an empty office and made him turn out his pockets. The stamps were discovered.

Though thefts from viewing rooms are comparatively rare, stamps have been hidden in unusual places. Police once found stolen stamps in the turn-ups of a man's trousers. Another man slipped a rare stamp beneath his watch strap.

Detectives called to investigate thefts are often members of the Metropolitan Police Philatelic Association, which meets monthly in a room at New Scotland Yard. Its president is former Police Commissioner Sir Harold Scott, a keen philatelist.

Kleptomaniac At Sale

Profit is not always the motive in thefts of stamps. On one view day, Gwen Brooks saw a well-known British collector, who frequently spent hundreds of pounds a year at auctions, steal a few almost worthless stamps from an album which she was to auction for a client. She recognized symptoms of kleptomania and, instead of calling the police, sent across a note which read: "Would you mind putting back what you have just taken?" The note was disregarded, and the collector left with the stamps.

"I was not worried," she says. "We bought the mutilated album, and the following day knocked it down to him at auction for about £50—the price it would have brought if complete. Two days later his cheque arrived."

When the man continued to visit viewing rooms, Miss Brooks tipped off other firms to watch out for him. "Since then I've heard that he is always sent a bill for the stamps he takes, and he pays for them without a murmur."

Gwen Brooks was eighteen when she joined Robson Lowe, and in her early days as an auctioneer's clerk her outspokenness was less disciplined than it is today.

Client Stormed Out

On one view day in 1937, she saw a man open an album of stamps and begin lifting and examining them in a particularly clumsy way. A male member of the firm recalls that she picked up stamp tweezers from her desk, took them across, tapped the man on the shoulder and said: "Would you mind using these from now on?"

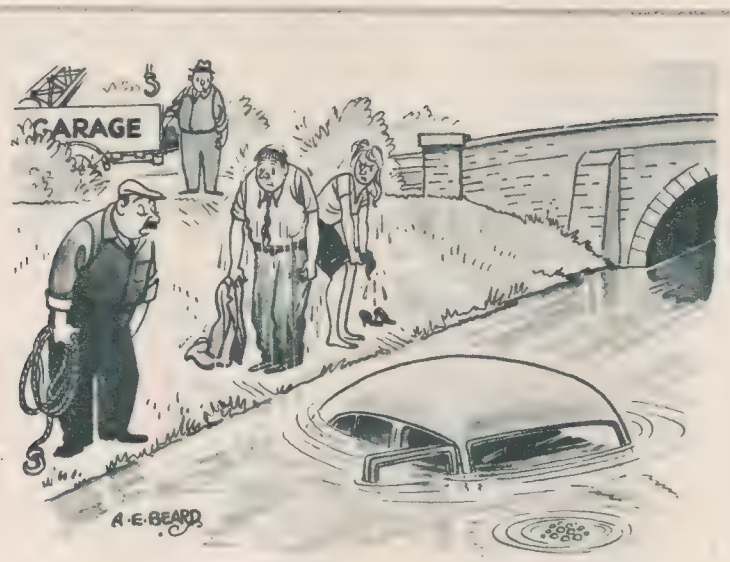
The client, an elderly collector who attended many viewings, was furious. "Young lady, I was handling stamps long before you were born," he replied, and walked out of the room.

"I probably lost a client, but I was worried about the stamps," says Gwen Brooks. "Now, of course, we do things far more tactfully."

She and her husband are keen private collectors and get annoyed when they see stamps used to decorate lacquered screens or trays, and varnished over. "Something boils over inside us," they say.

Recently, they were invited to the home of a friend who had a lacquered screen decorated with wine labels and, in the centre, a group of Victorian stamps.

"They were not particularly valuable, but we gave her a terrible drubbing," says Gwen Brooks. "We couldn't resist it. We haven't been invited to her home since." THE END



"You seem to have a slow puncture in the offside front tyre too"

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Continued from page 11

much larger than rabbit-warrens. Small stacks of stone lay round their rims. Low wooden derricks marked the position of others in the distance.

They were quarries—the far-famed Purbeck quarries, whence was dug the hard dark limestone that mellows so many English villages and churches, the blue-black Purbeck marble that the medieval cathedral-builders carried as far north as Lincoln. The slender inner pillars of Salisbury Cathedral are faced with Purbeck marble. So is the Black Prince's tomb at Canterbury.

But times change. Now a forest of Purbeck stone bird-baths grows outside a tin hut by the roadside. I stopped to have a word with the young man working there. His name is John Hardern—and the Harderns are one of the great old quarry families of Purbeck. He showed me the Purbeck stone fireplace he was fitting together for a Bournemouth house. "See the colour in the stone. The light and shade in it. . . ." I saw. Purbeck stone presents no blank, impersonal face to the world. It lives; it has character; it seems to grow from the ground.

Near the surface the Purbeck strata have what quarrymen call a "freecleft." It splits smoothly and effortlessly to form the large flat paving-stones which cover some of the streets of London—and lesser cities. But high transport costs have hit that market, and now most of the stone goes to gardeners for crazy paving or rockeries.

The low triangles of the wooden derricks dotted the skyline. "Take you a day if you were going to go round all of 'em," said Hardern. "More—because you'd never get up there with a car. We've tried it. Just a couple of men working most of them. Sometimes only one. They hand their stone over to the five or six bigger quarry firms, like us. We sell it for them. Perhaps, in the meantime, we 'sub' them. That's how they've always worked, and that's how they like to work. . . ."

Obstinate Survival

In Portland and elsewhere, quarrying is now controlled by "combines," with large resources and much machinery. In the Isle of Purbeck it has survived on an obstinately individualistic basis for two reasons. The first is the irregularity of the Purbeck strata—upended in places—which means that few quarries can be very large. The second is that the stone industry of the Isle of Purbeck is controlled not by City finance houses or limited companies, but by a medieval guild.

John Hardern sent me back down the road towards Langton Matravers to talk to Bob Harris, one of the two Wardens of the Company of Purbeck Marblers and Stoneworkers.

Harris looks after the company's minute and rule books going back to 1651, and, turning over the old parchments, he has had the rare experience, he told me, of noting Harrises—his forebears—all that way. The company's original Charter — now lost — was granted in medieval times in recognition of the services of the quarrymen in guarding the coast against foreign invaders. "'These are Royal men . . .' it says," said Bob Harris.

Most surviving guilds are merely embalmed corpses, antiquarian ornaments. Not the Purbeck Marblers. Their Court, elected from the body of Purbeck quarrymen, still adjusts their disputes, controls admissions of new quarrymen, and fixes prices, secure in the ancient company rule that "no man shall undercreep his fellow." And the ground landlords, respecting the guild's six hundred year old monopoly, refuse to let their quarrying concessions to any outlandish limited company. Indeed, Harris assured me, their title deeds in the Isle of Purbeck forbid them to do so.

Pony Turns Capstan

A tall man, open and friendly, like most of these quarrymen, Harris told me these things as we stood at the mouth of his Capstan Field quarry—one of the very few underground workings still in operation in Purbeck. Stone steps disappeared, rather ominously, into the ground, alongside a sloping shaft. Round and round, at the top, plodded a pony, turning the capstan, winding up the rope which hauled up the huge hunks of stone, mounted on narrow wooden trucks.

"How far down are you here, then?"

"Oh, only fifty feet or so—and we go out then for about five hundred yards. But there are miles of old workings down below there, hundreds of years old, some of 'em. You'd very soon get lost if you started roaming about down there. See, you can go down here, and come up again right over there, by those trees"—he pointed to a clump on the horizon. "And that's Downshay over the other side of the road there, where they dug the marble for Salisbury Cathedral."

Bob Harris is the Langton Matravers Warden of the company. Worth Matravers, a mile or two away on the other side of the hill, a picture-book little grey stone village grouped around its pond, has a warden of its own. For though the two Matravers (Maltravers, incidentally, was the local squire) are so near together, such is the topsy-turvyness of the Purbeck strata that the two villages are famed for quite distinct types of stone.

Some of the best of the Worth quarries have always been in the cliffs themselves. You go down the steep grey stone village street, and on past the lowest row of cottages, still downhill, taking the track that winds between the shoulders of the bare, windswept downs, down towards Winspit and St. Alban's Head.

After ten minutes or so, you come

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N7

Marriage

Stewart - Adams

HAPPY IS THE BRIDE . . .

The wedding of Mr. John Stewart of Burley Place, Raines and Miss Elizabeth Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Adams of Grompton Close, Shefton, took place at Bornford Parish Church on Saturday. The bride wore a dress of figured white silk with a squared neckline and flared skirt. She had a flowered head-dress with short veil and carried a bouquet of white roses. As the couple left the church, laughing friends showered confetti over them, and the sun came through the clouds to make its first appearance of the day.

Among the guests at the reception were the bride's two sisters who h[illegible]lled fro[illegible]

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round the last bend of the track, emerge from the very last fold of the hills, and, suddenly, the sound of the sea is in your ears and the light is in your eyes.

And then, from your right, come other sounds: the rattle of a stone-crusher, the ring and peck of mason's chisels.

This is Winspit. You turn another corner in the rock and, low in the towering cliff face, black mouths gape. To one side there is a line of sheds. There an elderly man, in spectacles, chipped away, squaring up a slab of stone.

He nodded towards the cliff face. "Hundreds of years old, the entrances to some of those workings," he said. He took me over and into one of those great cold stone caverns. Here you can see the lines of the strata running around the high rock walls inside; but the stone is whiter here, more solid and consistent. It is Worth's "Purbeck-Portland."

Ruts Visible In Rock

We left the chilly dimness of the great quarry cave and re-emerged into the sparkling sunshine. Twenty yards away, the waves were breaking against the rocks. White spray blew up towards the quarry.

"Been quarries all along those cliffs one time, right the way round to Peverell Point and Swanage. See that rock ledge down below there? They used to load the stone barges off that. Had to follow the tide, of course, so they had to be up loading at three o'clock in the morning sometimes. You can see the ruts down there the trolley wheels cut in the rock. Yes, I reckon a few tons has gone over there one time or another."

Segments of variously shaped stone were stacked about the yard. Nearly all of the cutting and shaping has to be done by hand—for the "little men" of Purbeck do not have the elaborate mechanical equipment of the big stone concerns.

My quarryman wet a finger and rubbed it on a small section of stone that lay near the others. Under his finger darkly shone a fine pattern of tight blue whorls. It was marble—the famous Purbeck marble of the medieval cathedral builders. It was rather an anti-climax to discover that marble, after all, is only limestone that is compact enough in structure to take a high polish.

Restoration Work

The famous Purbeck marble seam enters the cliff at Peverell Point and then, running into the ground, takes a big sweep, along the valley road, under Corfe Castle and out again to the sea in Worbarrow Bay. But these days it is only got occasionally — mainly for restoration work.

My Winspit friend was a Bower. "Reckon when I was a lad, if you said round here, 'Good day, Mr. Bower, or Mr. Harris, or Mr. Hardern, or Mr. Haysom,' you'd be pretty sure of being on the nail. Fifty years ago there were thousands of 'em about, but not today. The Purbeck Bowers are dying out.

"I reckon the first World War started it. The young fellows won't come into the quarries like they used to. My son now, he's going into engineering. It's the women—they won't have the dirty work. You want to tell 'em to get that idea out of their heads. You tell 'em a little bit of clean dirt don't hurt no one."

The "island" is small. Your departure from it is almost as swift as your coming. There is a touch of mystery about the whole thing. You can see the road to the "mainland" winding down into the valley, through the gap in the long range of hills where Corfe Castle crowns its great grassy mound, its tall, dark, ruined walls reared against the sky, catching the light, down there in the gap.

From the Langton road it seems infinitely remote, as unattainable as a castle in a fairy story, and then, somehow, within minutes, you are down there, moving through the long, low, grey stone street of Corfe, while the ruined walls tower fantastically above you, dominating the scene. Silent testimony to the durability of Purbeck stone, they have stood like this ever since Cromwell's men devoted several months to conscientiously "knocking them about a bit," when the castle was captured by treachery after Lady Bankes's six weeks' defiance of all siege engines.

In the street below, next to the church, stands the unassuming little town hall, where the court of the Company of Purbeck Marblers and Stoneworkers meets every Shrove Tuesday. And Shrove Tuesday is quite a day round here—a sort of Purbeck Bank Holiday.

It starts at five minutes to noon with the pealing of the Corfe parish church bell summoning all quarrymen to town. On this day, newly qualified quarrymen must tender to the court evidence of having completed their seven-year apprenticeship. "Foreigners" can now buy themselves in for £5; for men whose fathers before them were Purbeck quarrymen the fee is 6s. 8d. (one shilling extra if married), a penny loaf and one quart of beer.

The small loaves are specially baked for the occasion. The quart of beer must be bought at the Fox, and carried across the road, unspilled, to the court sitting in the town hall. This, of course, is where the fun starts. Quarrymen crowd into the road, intent on intercepting the beer. The unfortunate ex-apprentice has to make four or five journeys before he finally gets through (although master tacticians have been known to conceal quart bottles in their trouser legs). The story is that it all started with the ancient feud between the Purbeck quarrymen and the Purbeck clayworkers—now a vanished race, although the "blue pools" from which they took their clay still picturesquely pock the heath.

Football In Street

In those good old days, they say, the path from the Fox to the town hall ran with blood as well as beer.

When these old-world courtesies have been satisfactorily concluded each Shrove Tuesday, the last member of the company to have married has to produce a football, which the quarrymen kick in front of them down the village street, thus reaffirming the ancient right of passage for their stone lorries.

The afternoon's business is rounded off with a trip to Ower Quay, on a western inlet of Poole Harbour, in order to hand over to the farmer there an annual rent of one pound of peppers. The old quay, derelict for a few centuries, was once Purbeck's main stone-shipping point—and Purbeck quarrymen, if they believe in anything, believe in keeping all their rights in good repair.

Once through the gap in the hills, the country changes. I pored over my one-inch ordnance map and saw that it was wrinkled in a thousand tight patterns of fine brown contour lines, and dotted with the names of towns and villages which sounded as if they had been composed by some dear old, classically minded vicar. . . . Blandford Forum and Minterne Magna and Bishop's Caundle and Bere Regis and Ryme Intrinsica and Milborne St. Andrews and Sydling St. Nicholas.

A Vivid Challenge

It was one of the queerer quirks of history that one of these obscure hamlets in the depths of Dorset should have become the theatre of the nineteenth century's most vivid challenges to the old semi-feudal order. For the Tolpuddle Martyrs were certainly no firebrands. They were just six hard-working farm-labourers who could not any longer keep their families on seven shillings a week, even on a diet filled out with turnip-tops, horse-beans and roasted bread ground up for tea.

So, in 1834, they petitioned the squires for more. Though the wage elsewhere in England was already ten shillings, they were brusquely refused. Only then did George and James Loveless resolve to form a union branch; and even then Tolpuddle would never have been heard of had not Squire Frampton, of Moreton House, decided that such dangerous radicalism had to be put down once and for all. The six men were hauled

"What are you doing now? . . . Breathing in or out?"

from their beds one morning, marched off to Dorchester and, at the Assizes there, sentenced to seven years' transportation for the crime of administering illegal oaths.

The outcry that followed shook the country and echoed round the world. For a century afterwards, the Tolpuddle Martyrs were a rallying cry to the forces of Labour. Children at school were taught of their struggle.

And just what sort of a place was this world-famous Tolpuddle? Externally, I decided, it couldn't have changed a lot. It was still the same insignificant straggle of cottages along both sides of the Poole-Dorchester road—the church, a farmhouse or two, some mouldering thatch, the small triangle of the village green with its tall elms and, leading off from it, the narrow road to Affpuddle and Bryants Puddle and Turners Puddle.

Plaque On The Wall

Thomas Standfield's cottage, where the six labourers conspiratorially met to go through the Masonic rigmaroles then thought necessary to trade unions, still stands by the roadside—and is still lived in by a farm-worker. There is a plaque on the wall now and, a few yards away, teas are to be had in the Pixies' Cottage—kept by a lady from Bournemouth — with concrete gnomes and toadstools all around the motorists' pull-in.

But it was at the far end of the village that I found what I was looking for—the small, rather dismal grey concrete Methodist chapel, little larger than a hen-house, with the Martyrs' Memorial Arch "Unveiled by Arthur Henderson, 1912" at its entrance.

I pushed open the iron gate and went into the little graveyard at the front, no more than three yards square. The gravestones lay against the wall. I could make out the lettering on one of them: "WILLIAM HAMMET . . . Died 1898, Aged 79 . . . JUDITH LOVELESS . . ." Hammet was one of the martyrs. Most of them; brought back from transportation, had gone off to America. Could any of their descendants still be in Tolpuddle, I wondered.

"You want to go and see Mr. Pucket," said the woman in the house next door. "Mr. Pucket will tell you all about it. You'll find him in the shop at the end of the row."

It was the sort of village shop that is now extinct, almost, in other parts of England, a vintage village shop. Yellow and blue metal plates proclaiming brands of tea and mustard. Square glass bottles of humbugs and stacks of tins, dimly visible through the small high front window, hinted vaguely at stocks piled inside. There was no name-sign anywhere, and the door was shut with a finality that seemed absolute. But there was a note beside the latch: "If closed, apply next door."

A red-cheeked old man came out of the house next door. He wore blue overalls and was carrying an empty hen-feed bucket. "Yes, I'm Pucket," he said, watching me out of bright eyes. "You been inside the chapel yet? Come on then, I'll show you."

He put the bucket down on the shop step. Together we walked back the few paces to the little chapel. He nodded at the gravestone by the wall. "William Hammet—he was my grandfather. James Loveless was his brother-in-law. Judith Loveless, my grandmother, was George and James's sister. She was twenty-five years old when it happened. I've often wished I'd asked her more about it, but, you know, we didn't think anything of it then. . . .

"William Hammet now, I always say he was the bravest. He was the one who stayed. They threw him out of his cottage and tried to stop him getting work. He had to move two villages away for a bit. Then he got hold of this bit of land—the only bit in the village that didn't belong to Them—and he came back. People say: 'Why did they put this Memorial Arch all this way up at the end of the village?' But, you know, this was the only place in the whole village they could get to put it—even in 1912."

We went into the little chapel. It was chilly inside. Damp marks crept over the bare yellow-washed walls. There was an oil stove, a white marble scroll commemorating George Loveless, and the empty benches.

Four Were Preachers

"You know, I've had all sorts of people down here," said Mr. Pucket. "Lloyd George and Citrine and Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson and Beaverbrook. You know what Lloyd George said to me? He said: 'Mr. Pucket, I'd rather be descended from your grandfather than from William the Conqueror.'"

An old Methodist circuit list hung in a frame on the wall. "Look," said Mr. Pucket. "Come here, I'll show you something. You know four of the Martyrs were local preachers, don't you? See George Loveless's name in that column. Three appointments in one Sunday. And remember he'd have to walk between 'em—and then be at work six o'clock Monday morning. Ah, it was different then. They practised what they preached in those days. Not like today. Peace on Earth and Good Will toward Men one minute, and the next planning how to blow everybody

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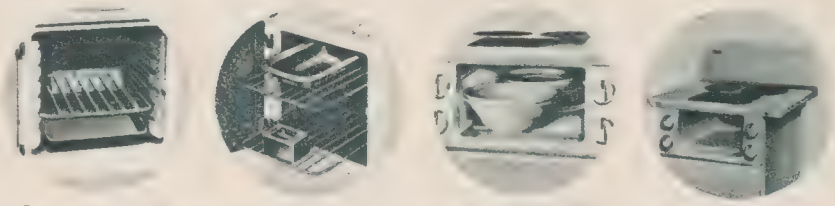

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to bits with atom bombs. Now is that Christianity, I'd like to know?"

Whatever might have happened to Tolpuddle's nonconformity, it seems clear that Tolpuddle's radicalism is in good hands.

But what of its traditional antagonists? The Squire has ceased to exist. A retired admiral has moved into the vacant manor house. Of the village's four farmers, three own their own land. And though there are still Framptons at Moreton House—as there have been for six hundred years—they generally prefer to live in Bournemouth. Anyway, they long ago sold a large part of their estate to the late Sir Ernest Debenham, chairman of Debenham and Freebody, the London store.

Sir Ernest brought a rush of City money and ideas to this somnolent countryside, reclaiming heath, building model workers' dwellings, introducing silage and other new methods—and erecting a handsome Martyrs' memorial shelter-seat on the Tolpuddle village green. Following his death, he has been succeeded on three farms by three of his sons. One of them is reported to be keen to start a local Labour Party branch.

A Prison Chaplain

And what of the Squire's traditional ally, the Parson? Tolpuddle's newest vicar is Captain Ball—a captain, not of the Horse Guards, but of the Church Army, a veteran missioner, tried and tested in the battle for souls in Wandsworth Jail and Dartmoor.

Whether church or chapel, a parson certainly needs all the fervour he can command to scrape up a congregation in Tolpuddle today. From more than four hundred in the Martyrs' day, the population has now sunk to just under two hundred—which is too small to qualify for a parish council. The Tolpuddle school has been closed down and its children transferred to Puddletown. Mr. Pucket's is the only shop. The village hall, privately owned, was recently put up for sale.

Tolpuddle, in short, like so many other Dorset villages in 1954, presents the grey picture of an old rural community in decay. Decay? With the farm workers getting not seven shillings but a minimum of £6 a week, and twelve annual days holiday-with-pay; with the farmers cushioned and subsidized, new council houses planned, electricity, and mains water, just laid on through the village? Would George Loveless or William Hammet have called that decay?

I couldn't ask them—but I could ask their successors. I set off down the road to find the Memorial Cottages—and the Tolpuddle Branch of the National Union of Agricultural Workers.

The Memorial Cottages, housing retired agricultural trade unionists, were put up by the T.U.C. in 1934 to mark the Tolpuddle Martyrs centenary. They stand well back from the road, forming a long line on the rising downs, and you go up steps to them through the long sloping front gardens. A television aerial floats over the rooftop, and there are floodlights all along the front—for special occasions.

The First Member

Over each of the six front doors hangs a plate carrying the name of one of the six Martyrs. I knocked at "George Loveless," and met old Charlie Boyt, who was just having his tea. His round, open, benevolent face, adorned with white moustaches, shone like a gentle sun. On the wall hung an illuminated testimonial to his long services to the union.

In September, 1917, Charles Boyt had become the first member of the Tolpuddle branch of the N.U.A.W.—the latest, and finally successful, farmworkers' union. But all that, said the old man, was a long, long time ago; men were scared of the boss getting to know then. That wasn't what I wanted to hear, was it? I ought to go along and see George Shute, the present chairman of the local branch.

Shute and I talked in the community hall, which was set snugly in the middle of the line of cottages. It was a small enough room—yet rarely anywhere can the story of a hundred years in the ripening of British democracy have been so vividly epitomized.

We were talking just in front of the big television projection screen, installed for these old farm-workers who now lived here, rent-free, light-free. On the wall just above hung a painting of the six Tolpuddle labourers being marched off down the road to Dorchester Jail. There was an Assize list on the wall, and a letter from Loveless, a convict in Van Diemen's Land, to his wife in England.

What exultation and wonder would those six men feel could they return to Tolpuddle today! Eighty per cent of the farm-workers in Dorset, George Shute told me, are now union members. The union is accepted as an essential organ in the running of the farming industry. Shute, himself, with other union men, serves on the joint Dorset Agricultural Executive Committee, which has the power to dispossess an inefficient farmer. With a farmer, he serves on a sub-committee which adjudicates on farm-cottage rents. A former union district organizer has even been Mayor of Dorchester.

And the Tolpuddle Branch, how strong is that? Sixteen members, said Shute. In fact, the branch meets in that room on the first Friday of every month.

And how many members attend to exercise this democratic right, so hardly won? Shute smiled ruefully, "Three," he said. "Sometimes four. I *have* seen five."

George Loveless would have nodded sadly there, I thought.

What did these union meetings most often talk about? The "tied cottage." And that, still, means most of the cottages in Tolpuddle, so that, theoretically at least, farmers could still turn union members out of the village, just as William Hammet was turned out more than a hundred years before.

"The union's dead against it," said George Shute. "And I'm a hundred per cent behind them. The tied cottage gives the farmer a power—and the bad farmer uses it. Eighty per cent are decent—but there are always the others. Then, the least word, and it's 'Well, if you don't like it, you know what you can do.' "

Certainly there are advantages in the system to the worker as well as to the farmer. For one, a statutory rent of six shillings a week, rising to ten when there is a bath and electricity. But to the farm-worker-trade-unionist, the tied cottage is both a symbol and a challenge. It represents the last remaining prop of the bad old order—a prop he is sworn to knock away.

I turned off the main road by the village green, past the memorial seat, past the handsome new gates which the admiral has put up at the manor house, and down across the bridge along the

Consider your verdict

by
RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

MRS. DEAL, a young housewife, was doing her midweek shopping. As she entered the grocer's, she noticed a brown paper package lying on the floor of the shop, partly hidden by a pile of tins.

Clearly, another customer had dropped it. Mrs. Deal picked it up, and to her astonishment found that it contained a bundle of twenty £5 notes. No one in the shop claimed the money, and she handed it over to the grocer, Mr. Butt, so that he could ask his other customers about it.

When no claimant was found, advertisements were put in the local paper to try to trace the owner. There was no response, and after twelve months Mrs. Deal approached Butt. She felt that she had acted fairly and that she was now entitled to have the money.

Butt refused to give it to her, saying that as it had been found in his shop, the £100 belonged to him. Convinced that he had no right to it, Mrs. Deal sued him.

"I found the money," she told the judge, "and I have a right to it because, until the true owner comes along, finders are keepers."

"The package was found on my property," retorted Butt, "therefore it belongs to me. Mrs. Deal would never have seen it if she hadn't been one of my customers. I was the one who kept the money to trace the owner, and possession is nine points of the law. The £100 is mine."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 34

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narrow lane that links Tolpuddle with all the remaining puddles.

The sun shone warmly on the fifteenth-century tower of Affpuddle Church, gleamed on the water meadows that lay in the narrow floor of the valley between the rising downs.

Then suddenly I was at Bryants Puddle—like a page torn out of a brochure — Sir Ernest Debenham's model village, a war memorial and a street of thirty cottages, handsomely thatched. Never have I seen so much thatch as in Dorset.

"Yes," somebody said, "but you know what they say down here, don't you? They say: 'You give a thatched cottage to your worst enemy.'" Not only do roof renewals come expensive, but these days you have a job to get them done at all. Even the rural district council had to send ten miles for a thatcher—till it cunningly installed one in one of its own houses.

A Secluded Puddle

The road was narrowing. And there was a sign at the side, "IMPRACTICABLE FOR MOTORISTS." Was Turners Puddle then cut off, out of reach, a rustic Tibet? I drove on. After half a mile the lane ran into a stream. It was a narrow stream, but deep. I crossed by the wooden footbridge and walked on down the lane at the other side. It emerged opposite a small lichen-grown church. Turners Puddle's seclusion was complete.

There was no one about. I went into the churchyard, but the church door was fastened up with a staple driven into it. It has been like that, I learned later, since several German bombs had dropped there in the war, killing six cows and making the church tower unsafe. There was an old notice pinned on the church door. It announced the application of the parish of Turners Puddle to be amalgamated with the parish of Affpuddle.

It was the same story everywhere. Not decay, perhaps, but certainly a fundamental change of scale. The very oldest men could still just recall the days when this Dorset countryside resounded with life, when each village was a whole humming world in itself and it was still possible to feel that it was here, under the hedgerows, and not in the towns, that the heart and sinews of England lay.

The fields were ploughed and the corn grew on them. Vast flocks of sheep were folded on the soil, both drawing on and adding to its fertility, treading the earth with the Golden Hoof. And the villages were full of white-smocked shepherds and ploughmen, and each had its hurdle-maker, turning out the wicker hurdles with which the sheep were folded.

They Make Hurdles

There are still hurdle-makers at work in Dorset. In fact, climbing up out of Bryants Puddle, just before the green roll of the downs flattens into the brown of the Great Heath, I encountered two of them, the brothers Jim and Bill Poore. They were working over a patch of hazel—rented from a farmer for £10 an acre—by the roadside. They stood side by side on the bank, weaving the split hazel shoots, in and out, in and out, as the pile of finished five-foot hurdles grew beside them.

But the hurdles were not being made for sheep, but for gardeners. "Used to do fifty dozen sheep hurdles for the wool sale in Dorchester. Now we may do twelve dozen in a twelve-month. If we relied on the sheep for our living, we'd very soon have to get out of it. . . . There just aren't the sheep any more."

Dorset produced one of England's world-famed breeds of sheep—the Dorset Horn. But in Dorset today the milk cheque conquers all. In all this valley, which once swarmed with sheep, the only big flock of Dorset Horns left is the three hundred breeding ewes kept by Ralph Wightman's brother, Tom, at Piddletrenthide.

It seems a pity. For the Dorset Horn is a handsome creature, an aristocrat, far removed from the shaggy mountain flocks that most people think of when the word "sheep" is uttered. So, at least, I thought as I stood and watched Dorset Horns neatly eating their way through a forty-acre field of kale at the Dorset Farm Institute. With their delicately whorled horns, their mild, well-bred faces framed in a fringe of white whiskers, their large straight bodies clothed with fine, white, curly wool, they seemed the perfect finishing touch to the deep rusticity of the Dorset scene.

The difficulty is that, as aristocrats, the Dorset Horns are accustomed to room service. In order that the ewes may be able to suckle their lambs through the winter months they need to be liberally fed and carefully tended.

To John Parker—who looks after them at the Farm Institute—and his old father, "Shep," who have tended sheep all their lives and come of a long Dorset line of shepherds, all this seems a part of the natural order of things. But to the modern tractor-driving, chemical-fertilizer farmer it is all a bit too much. Whereas there had once been eight million sheep within eight miles of Dorchester, there are now only 47,000 of all breeds in the whole county.

Yet, unhonoured in its own country, the Dorset Horn remains a valuable export. Apart from the Merino, it has today become possibly the most popular breed in Australia. The big Dorset Horn May Fair held each year in Dorchester draws buyers from all over the world.

The Dorset Farm Institute is at Stinsford. Just below, at the end of one of these Dorset lanes going nowhere, lies the little grey parish church where Thomas Hardy's grandfather and uncle and father made music for the service on their 'cellos and fiddles, and the graves of a whole row of Hardys lie in the wide-spreading shade of an ancient yew.

Paid Through Window

It was here that Thomas Hardy's heart was buried when his ashes were laid in Westminster Abbey. He was born a short walk away, just over the hill, in the roomy thatched cottage his great-grandfather had built for his grandfather on his marriage.

Grandfather Hardy, like the other Dorchester Hardys, was a builder; and as you walk past the cottage you can see, at the back, the window through which Hardy's father paid the men. Then this lane, too, peters out, and there is only the heath, a vast brown wilderness, rolling on, filling the earth.

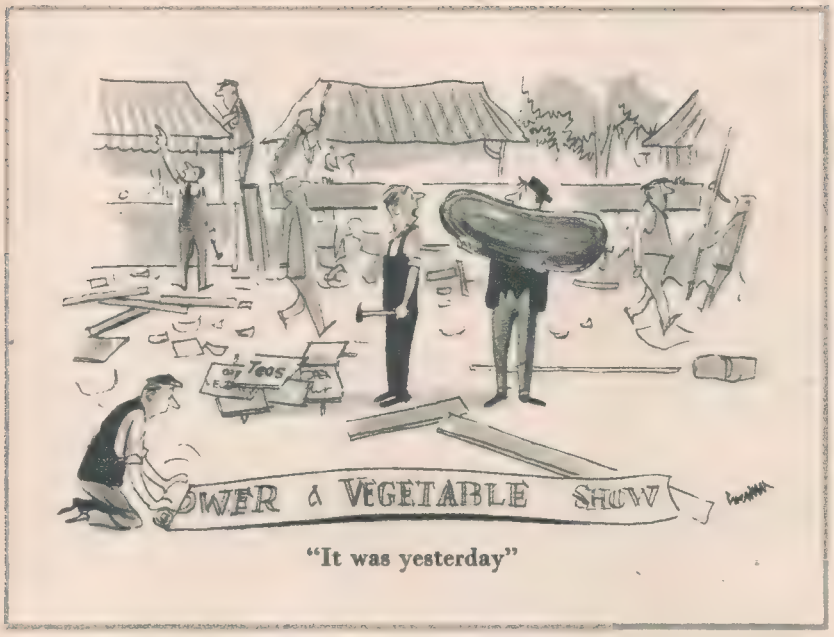
But there was no brooding malevolence about Egdon Heath that afternoon. The sun shone as I took the track towards Puddletown, bringing to glowing life the warm browns of those great tangles of bracken and brambles and heather. Over the crest of the hill appeared the dark green of one of the Forestry Commission's plantations. Here and there, too, a farmer with land abutting on the heath has reclaimed a few acres.

But the heath is tough: let the farmer pause for one year in his efforts, and the scrub will return. "Ninety-five per cent of it will never be anything but what it is," one of them said to me. "It'll hardly keep a rabbit."

Though army tanks churned over it, though the Forestry Commission planted it and farmers nibbled at it, the Great Heath remains the "untameable Ismaelitish thing" of which Hardy had written. "Civilization was

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 32, the judge said that when lost property is found in those circumstances, and is subsequently unclaimed, the finder is entitled to have it. "Finders are keepers except as against the true owner," he concluded. Butt had to hand over the money to Mrs. Deal and also pay her costs. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)



"It was yesterday"

its enemy. . . . The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers, the villages, the people changed, yet Egdon remained."

The Heath does not obtrude; it is even elusive, but it is ever-present, too, woven deeply into the very fabric of Dorset. At one moment you are looking on vivid green water-meadows; at the next, the "antique brown dress" of the Heath spreads itself before you, ageless and sterile.

Hardy's instinct was sound: it is this vast shapeless wasteland, wandering over two hundred square miles, breaking up communications, barring the advance of the tractors, that probably more than anything else has given the Dorset countryside its peculiar "deepness"—all the narrow lanes that lead nowhere, the sequestered villages, the silent lichen-grown churches, the mouldering thatch, the feeling that, somehow, the clock of history has slowed down.

In Dorchester, the county town, where people still think of the builder rather than the novelist when the name of Hardy comes up, life moves at a relaxed and easy pace scarcely to be encountered these days outside Ireland.

There are few modern shop-fronts or "bright" displays; the exhibition of period furniture in Smith and Hedgers seemed perfectly in character, the place perfectly mirrored in those warm, sleepy, sensible tones that all England now knows, the voice of Ralph Wightman, who has an office in the High Street and may be seen, most days, strolling across the road to The Ship as the town clock strikes eleven.

"And how do you find them?" I asked a north country man who had come to live down here.

"Slow," he said. "Slow. Slow physically, and slow mentally—but very nice people. If you don't mind being about ten years behind the times, this is a good place to be."

Ancient Roman Walls

No one, indeed, one feels, would turn a hair if, some market day, a white-smocked ploughman came ambling down the "Walks"—the fine avenues of trees planted on the foundation of the town's old Roman Walls. For who cares about "the times" in Dorchester; in Dorchester, Time is continuous.

Certainly, it is not hard in this town to understand whence Thomas Hardy derived that rather oppressive sense of history, that brooding preoccupation with Fate that runs through his novels.

Not far outside the town rises the great mass of Maiden Castle, that vast fantastic earthwork, its multiple walls and ditches added to and built up through the centuries, from the time its first inhabitants established themselves in its hilltop around 2000 B.C. And then, nearer the town, on its very edge, the perfect tiered oval of the Maumbury Rings, the fine amphitheatre which the Romans built on the foundations of a Stone Age sacred circle.

Back in the town, at the top of the High Street, the old Shire Hall presents to the world its solid uncompromising stone front, proclaiming by its very weight the Stability of Society and the Sanctity of Property.

It was Saturday morning, and the magistrates' court was in session. I went inside, and took a seat on the high public benches.

What a magnificent period-piece of a court it is! As I sat there, the whole Tolpuddle melodrama came to life . . . the six resolute labourers, heads barely visible above that great, high yellow-walled dock, Judge Williams towering above, under the heavy canopy and the Royal Arms, Authority personified, overpowering, thundering his charge to the jury, self-consciously ensconced in their heavy box at the side: "If these men had been allowed to go on with their wicked plans, they would have destroyed property!"

Justice Vindicated

The mild voice of the chairman of the magistrates recalled me to the present. He was no choleric squire, but the headmaster of Hardy School. With him on the Bench sat a motherly looking local woman doctor, an outfitter, also well-known as a Baptist local preacher—and one gentleman farmer. Times had changed, indeed—even in Dorchester.

The case proceeding was disposed of expeditiously, humanely, and with a triumph of sense over mere logic that seemed in its way as great a vindication of the system of J.P.s as the treatment of the Tolpuddle labourers had been an indictment. The accused man's circumstances, his unemployment, his bad health were examined.

The accused, said the chairman, would realize that he had placed himself in a serious predicament. This was a specific offence with certain specific penalties. The court, however, had decided that the accused would be conditionally discharged.

Costs against him were reduced because of his continued unemployment. The case, probably typical in the spirit with which it was approached of hundreds that passed through that court, concluded in a wave of quiet explanation about "probation officers" and "time to pay."

I thought of the words that had come thundering down from the court that March day in 1834, sending six blameless men in chains to Botany Bay: "I am not sentencing you for any crime you have committed or that it could be proved you were about to commit, but as an example to the working-class of this country."

And it seemed that, in a hundred years or so, in the attitude of man to man, if in nothing else, it was just conceivable that we had made some slight progress.

NEXT WEEK: Harry Hopkins visits the Lake District

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THE GREAT STORM

Continued from page 20

Stornoway coastguard who was controlling the rescue, watched the first men being hauled from the Clan Macquarrie. It had been a long, worrying morning for Price, though there was no sign of the ship breaking up as he had feared. He had stayed on the shore, chilled and soaked, since 3 a.m.

After three lines fired by rocket from the shore had failed to hit the ship, the stranded crew tried to float a line ashore. Figures gathered on the ship's bows, and a line secured to a lifebuoy was lowered into the water and paid out. The lifebuoy caught on upthrust rocks and was jerked clear, then floated nearer.

It caught again and could not be cleared, so a coastguard scrambled over the rocks, chest-deep into the water, and grasped the line. He secured it to a bight of a rocket line that had been fired and had missed, and signalled the crew of the ship to haul. The line moved outward, taking first the throwing line, then the whip and its pulley.

Men Hauled On Rope

From then on all went smoothly. The crew of the ship made the pulley fast to an anchor davit. The whip, an endless line, was run through the pulley. To this, the rescue men ashore secured the end of their thick hawser and hauled it out to the ship. The ship's crew made fast the end of the hawser a little above the pulley on the ship. Finally, the canvas breeches buoy, shaped like a pair of loose, short breeches and fastened to a circular lifebuoy which was slung by a rope bridle and wheel to the hawser, was hauled off to the ship.

Since the level of the shore was only slightly lower than the height of the ship's forecastle where the hawser and whip had been made fast to the anchor davit, Tom Price decided to have the villagers man the shore end of the hawser and hold it taut by lying back on it. Men ranged along the rope like a tug-of-war team, digging their heels into the soft ground. The gale against their bodies added to their weight as they lay on the rope.

Captain Came Last

The first man came ashore at twenty past twelve. He was a lascar and, though badly shocked, he was dressed to kill. He wore a smart, light-coloured suit, coloured shirt and collar with a startling tie, and polished shoes. He carried a small parcel of personal treasures. Women escorted him to the village of Borve.

The whole crew of lascars were dressed in their best. The ship's master had kept only the white members of his crew on deck, and so the lascars had time to choose their most valuable possessions. Now the weary, oil-smeared, chilled and soaked rescuers watched the smartly dressed men come over the hawser one after the other. A white steward carried the ship's cat, a small black and white tabby that was to become a native of the village. The ship's master came last of all. By three that afternoon, the rescue was completed.

Sixty-six men had been brought ashore by breeches buoy under terrible conditions, the greatest number of men ever rescued this way in one operation. The coastguards tried to retrieve their hawser by sending a patent rope cutter out on to the whip, but none of them was strong enough to give the pull that would operate the cutters. The gear was not retrieved until the next day.

The weary, exhausted rescuers, soaked with oil and water, followed the rescued to the village and were fed with broth, and were dried and warmed by peat fires. Their hands were puffed and useless now, their bodies sore.

They had been exposed to the gale, and to blizzards of snow and sleet for more than fourteen hours; they had done superhuman work to rescue fellow men. The low, warm homes of the people of Borve seemed palaces of delight, the broth the finest food ever cooked. The thick stone walls of the houses shut out the gale. . . .

Two hundred and fifty miles farther south, the Donaghadee lifeboat, Sir Samuel Kelly, still searched for the stricken Princess Victoria. An hour earlier, the passenger ship's last message had given her position as five miles due east of the Copeland Islands, and north east of Donaghadee. The lifeboat had found heavy seas when she came clear of the Copelands, and she began to rise to the tremendous waves and to dip steeply to them.

She passed within half a mile of the men who watched from the platform of the lighthouse on the outer island. Even from their high position, the lighthousemen lost sight of the craft as she sank between the waves. And one great wave flung the twenty-three ton craft clear out of the sea.

At times, the lifeboat seemed to go ahead under the water. The seas swept over her and into the cockpit where the engineers sat, and they were deluged and covered.

As the craft lifted and the water escaped through the draining valves, the engineer, a long-legged, good-looking young man named John Armstrong, saw the deck and handrails outside embedded in green. He watched handrails rise and become real again, then the grey deck lift and swing upward, a waterfall cascading from its edge. He had been keeping a written log of their progress and the signals coming through, but he discovered that the logbook had been swept away from him. His lovely brasswork streamed water.

Sea Swamped Engines

Holding himself with outstretched legs, Armstrong listened to the instruments at his ear and the faithful beat of his often submerged engines, his eyes watching gauges and his hands making small adjustments. The craft tilted and dived. Another sea came over her in a solid mass that filled the cockpit and the engine room before it drained away again, and the buoyant shell rose to meet the next great sea.

Hugh Nelson, the good-humoured, lightly built cox, took his lifeboat to the position five miles east of the Copelands, streaming no patent log to record distance, and without the aid of bearings. There was nothing visible to take a bearing from, but even if there had been, Hugh Nelson would not have bothered. He drove his craft to the position and reached it because he was part of both boat and the sea, and he steered and measured from the instinct of generations of developed senses and conditioning.

As a great sea rose ahead of the lifeboat, Nelson's hands instinctively moved the tough, aluminium wheel that this day was actually to bend in his hands, and the blow was eased. He had to peer over the top of the windscreen because most of the time it was opaque with snow and spray. He ducked his head sometimes, to let a sea wash over him, then looked again to meet the next attack. His feet were spaced apart, welded to the boat.

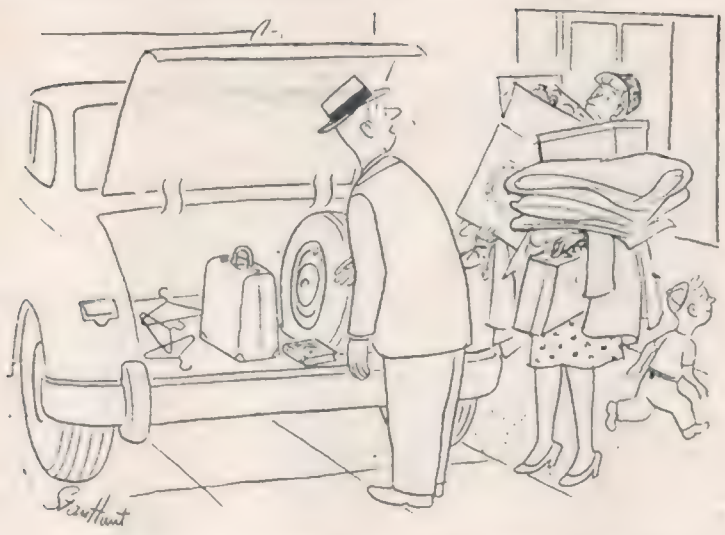
Ferry Had Capsized

There was no sign of either ship or wreckage at the position five miles east of the Copeland Islands. The lifeboat hove to, and those of the crew who had been sheltering in the cabins came up to cling to the handrail and look out over the torn sea. Then a ship was sighted, coming through the scum and sleet, and the lifeboat turned towards her. She was the destroyer Contest and headed to the south-south-west. Hugh Nelson could only assume this well-equipped vessel knew the exact position of the Princess Victoria, and he headed his small craft after her.

But by then the Princess Victoria had capsized and sunk five miles to the northward: sunk where no one knew or suspected she could be.

She was gone, and now help was coming, not knowing where to seek.

NEXT WEEK: The Princess Victoria's survivors fight for their lives. "The Great Storm" by J. Lennox Kerr will be published in book form in mid-October by Harrap's at 15s.



"You just take those in, dear. I'll bring the rest"

THE MAN WITHOUT PITY

Continued from page 21

Sahib made the same suggestion, I spat in his face. Ay, I spat in his cold face. He is a man without pity who has a heart like stone."

Shubijaya gasped. "You spat in *his* face!"

"He is a devil, and one day I will kill him."

Shubijaya moaned on: "Nay, if you do that you will be killed yourself, and then I will be utterly alone."

Mahmud lay still and thought about the man he hated.

It had been the previous afternoon when he had gone to Major Grant's tent. The major had not been alone. Sheikh Ali Haithan, of whom Mahmud was almost as much in awe as he was of the white man, had been there also. They had been playing draughts, drinking coffee and talking of matters far beyond the fisherman's understanding.

When they saw Mahmud, they had ignored him utterly. They did not even summon a servant to drive him away. It had been as if he were a lizard or a fly, a thing too insignificant to merit their notice.

He had been terrified, but his love for Shubijaya had kept him there, standing trembling, his eyes rolling from the sheikh's face to that of the political officer. "The man with the stone eyes" was the Fadli nickname for Major Grant. He was a man who never smiled, and whose face was as blank as a white-washed wall. Mahmud could see no mercy or kindliness in that cold countenance.

While they moved the draught pieces at long intervals, they talked. Presently, Mahmud had heard the political officer say: "I have heard gossip of a striking-off of hands tomorrow. Is it another camel-thief who is to be punished?"

Mahmud had started, and had been about to cry out, but the sheikh had answered before he could find his voice. "Nay, sahib. This thief is a woman. She stole a bangle."

Another long pause, while Major Grant pondered his next move. Then he said: "Is there any doubt concerning her guilt?"

"Sahib," the sheikh had replied, "in this village, hands, especially hands that are young and able to work, are too valuable to be struck off without good cause. I myself sifted the matter thoroughly, and there can be no doubt of her guilt. Because her husband was very poor, she worked in the house of Gul Shah, the village moneylender. One day Gul Shah's wife found she had lost a gold bangle of great value. Suspicion fell upon the girl, and when inquiries were made, many witnesses came forward to swear they had seen her with the bangle. On this evidence and on the evidence of Gul Shah's wife, a charge was brought. Her house was searched, and the bangle was found where she had concealed it in a cooking-pot."

"So she's to lose her hands," Major Grant had said in his cold voice. "Well, she won't ever again be tempted to steal bangles. Sheikh, it's your move."

Then at last Mahmud had found his voice. He had prostrated himself on his knees before the white man and had cried: "Sahib, in the name of Allah who is all-merciful, let me speak the truth. Gul Shah's wife brought the charge because she hated my wife. Her husband had cast lascivious eyes on my wife, and the woman did this out of spite. She is a devil—a woman without heart or conscience."

He might have been a fly buzzing for any attention they had paid.

Weeping and wringing his hands he had continued: "The witnesses gave evidence as the wife of Gul Shah directed them. He is the moneylender and many people in the village are in his debt. His wife has great influence with him. Also, it was at her instigation that the bangle was hidden in the cooking-pot, where it would be quickly found. Had my wife really been the thief, she would have buried it in the sand far away from the house. Sahib, I speak the truth——"

He might as well have prayed to a stone. With his eyes on the board where he had cornered the sheikh's last king, Major Grant had said in his chilling voice: "A wife with no hands will be of small use to a fisherman. If he is wise, he will put her away and find another."

It had been then that Mahmud's rage had overcome even his awe. Leaping to his feet, he had cried: "They are right who call you a devil with stone eyes. I love my wife, but that is a thing you would never understand."

Then he had spat in the Englishman's face and had dashed weeping from the tent. . . .

Now he was in the prison waiting for the hour of the punishment. Shubijaya was still awake. She had begun to shiver. Mahmud put his arms round her in a fierce embrace and prayed that the dawn would never come.

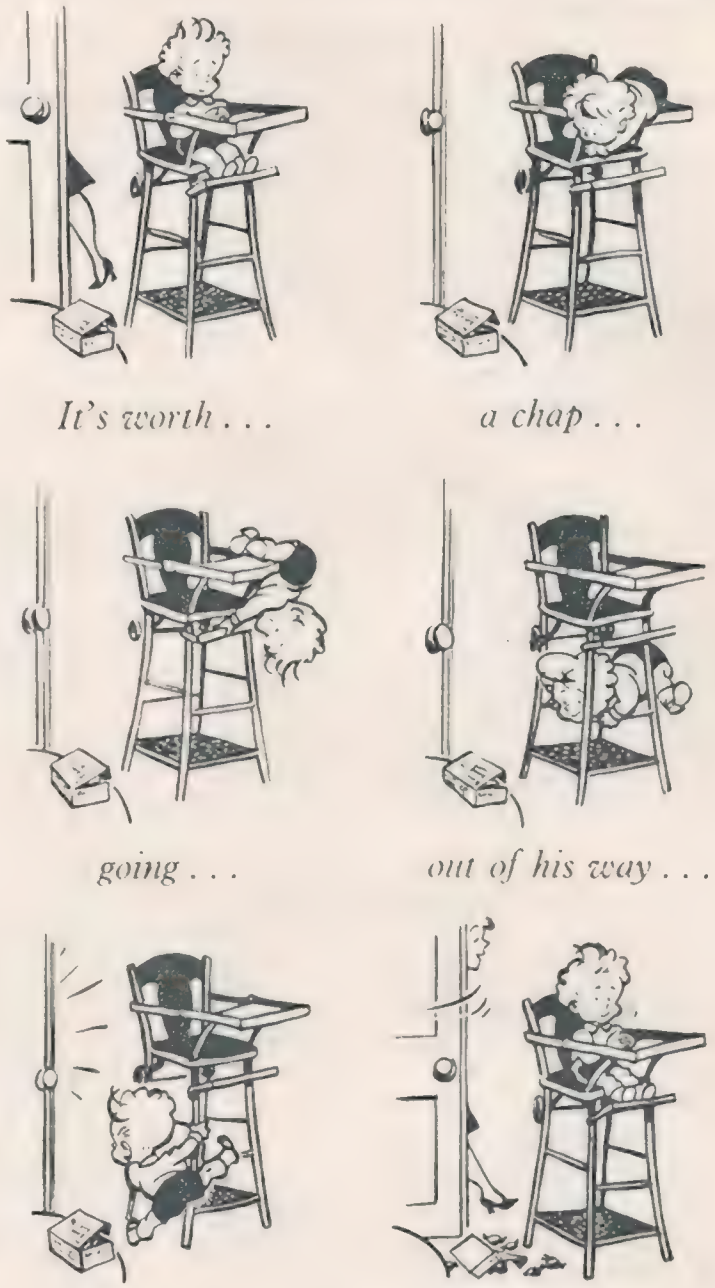
Allah did not heed his prayers. With terror, he heard the noises of a waking world. A bird called; through the barred window of the cell the stars began to fade. Now there were steps and voices outside.

"Mahmud, don't let them. . . ."

"Be brave, little one. I'll stand beside you." He kissed her hands for the last time; they were cold to his lips as if they were already dead.

The place of punishment was a piece of level ground in front of Sheikh Ali Haithan's house. There, from time immemorial, the wrongdoers of Hirran had made public expiation of their sins.

It was a beautiful spot to have been used for such a grim purpose, especially beautiful at dawn when the sky was a pearly pink, the air sweet and fresh and the blue waters of the Arabian



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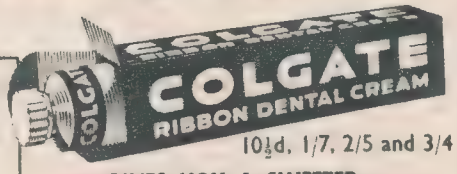

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"I've got that psycho-analyst to thank for this. 'Think big'—'Loosen up those inhibitions' he used to say. . . ."

Sea creamed against the flat, brown sand. But the assembled villagers had no eyes for the beauties of nature. All their attention was focused upon the square, the place of punishment.

The appearance of the sheikh and the village elders diverted their attention. Beside the sheikh, walking with him hand-in-hand as a token of friendship, was Major Grant.

This morning the villagers had a special reason for staring at the political officer. His orderly, an askari of the South Arabian Levies, was behind him, carrying what looked like two large glass jars filled with cotton wool. When the major seated himself cross-legged beside the sheikh, the orderly placed the jars on the sand in front of him.

The arrival of the accused and escort distracted attention from the jars. A sound that was half a sigh of pity ran round the crowd. She looked like a child between the guards. Thieves had to be punished according to the law, but it was sad to think she would go through life handless because she had been tempted by a pretty bangle.

Mahmud stood behind his wife. He was hardly conscious of the crowd. All he could see was the keeper of the prison and the guards. He had an impulse to snatch up the keeper's sword and run amok through the crowd, striking blows right and left until he himself fell dead.

The thought of Shubijaya forced him to restrain himself. What would happen to her without hands if he were not at her side? For her sake he must forgo the sweet pleasure of revenge.

The sheikh began to speak. He addressed the villagers formally, telling them that Shubijaya, the wife of Mahmud, had been tried by the Court of Elders and found guilty. He asked if all were agreed that she would be justly punished by the striking-off of her hands.

There was a deep chorus of assent. Only Mahmud raised his voice and yelled so that it hurt his throat.

"She is innocent, and the witnesses against her are liars!"

No attention was paid to his cry. Half-mad with grief, he tried to drag Shubijaya away from the guards. Not ungently, they pushed him away with the butts of their rifles. Then he flung himself on the sand and buried his face in his arms, for he could not bear to see the sword falling.

Suddenly, he heard his name being called. Hands grasped him and dragged him to his feet. He was pushed forward until he stood in a daze of misery before Major Grant Sahib.

Through a mist of hate, he saw the white man's face, cold and impassive as ever. Then he heard the voice that was like the sound of pebbles falling into cold water. Major Grant spoke loudly in the Fadli tongue so that all could hear.

"Before the punishment is carried out, I have a proposition I wish to make to you, Mahmud. By Fadli law your wife and all she possesses is your property, therefore her hands are yours, and it is for you to decide how they shall be disposed of. I wish to buy her hands on behalf of the government hospital in Aden; it is for that purpose I have brought these jars."

"To buy her hands!" Mahmud gasped. He made to draw his dagger, but strong hands held him.

"I wish to buy her hands," Major Grant repeated in his cold voice. "They will be useful to the doctors in Aden for dissection purposes. And, since human hands are hard to obtain, the price is very high. For her hands, Mahmud, I am prepared to pay six hundred silver Maria Theresa dollars."

Six hundred Theresa dollars! The words ran like fire through the crowd. Six hundred Theresa dollars! With such wealth a man could buy land and sheep and need never again borrow money from Gul Shah.

An irrepressible babel of excitement broke out. There was a surging movement in the crowd. Suddenly, a woman pushed Mahmud aside and prostrated herself screaming before the Englishman.

"I lied when I swore I saw Shubijaya with the bangle. I stole it myself and hid it in her house because I was afraid. It is my right to sell my hands!"

"She lies," a man yelled. "My wife is the thief, as I can prove."

"Don't listen to that liar, Sahib," another yelled. "My brother and I together made the theft. There will be four hands you can purchase."

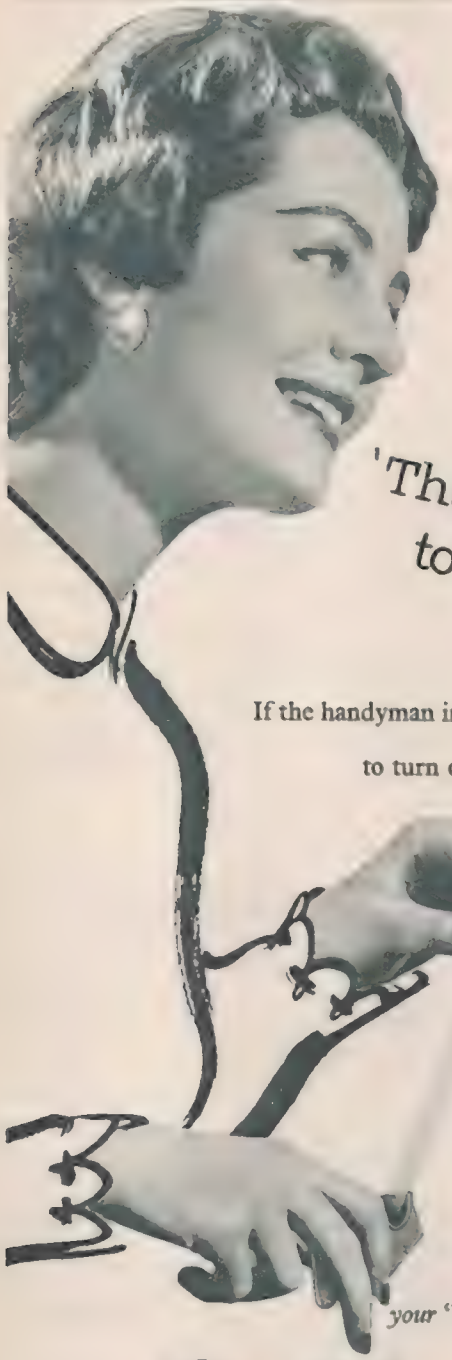
There was pandemonium. They were fighting round the major, scores of men and women all protesting their right to sell their own or their relatives' hands. The guards forced them back with sticks, and then the voice of the sheikh silenced the tumult as thunder silences birds.

"Silence, witless eaters of carrion! Liars and thieves you all are, but no one would buy your worthless hands. The Major Sahib had doubts and devised this trick to test the worth of your testimony, and he has shown that where money is concerned you would swear to any lie. Shubijaya is innocent, and the wife of Gul Shah and all who swore false testimony against her will be punished by heavy fines. Sons of unclean dogs and daughters of shameless camels, I your sheikh warn you. . . ."

Mahmud found himself staring at Major Grant. Had not such a thing been impossible, he could have sworn that the man with stone eyes had given him a friendly wink.

He turned away in bewilderment. At once he saw Shubijaya. She was running towards him, dancing and waving her hands so that they looked like brown butterflies in the early sunshine.

THE END



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Another blessing of Persil is that it's so very kind to hands and nails — you can *feel* it is!

NIGHT OF JUSTICE

Continued from page 15

hideous slavery. He thereupon resolved that he would continue to smuggle cigarettes and gold until the new apartments were paid for, after which he would cut clean his association with Auguste.

He kept his resolve to himself, treating Auguste with all the outward appearances of friendship.

Auguste, meanwhile, had rented from Marius one of the apartments in the new block. This, like all the others, was furnished with the furniture made by Marise's uncle.

For a few more weeks all went well. Other smugglers were being caught and punished, but Marius, who was not only lucky, but highly cautious, seemed to anticipate the Customs officials with uncanny accuracy.

Marius arrived home one evening to find Auguste sitting in the living-room of the apartment, sipping a glass of wine, while Marise, who knew nothing of how things stood between the two men, played the polite hostess. Concealing his annoyance, Marius greeted his guest with a smile.

"I have some bad news for you, Marius," said Auguste when they were alone. "I have reason to believe that Charles has betrayed us to the Customs. Tomorrow night, when you go out to keep the rendezvous at sea, you must return empty. It will be as well, in case of a search, if you catch some fish."

The warning, Marius decided, was genuine enough. He had never cared for the mysterious Charles, who occupied the top apartment. For a few seconds, in face of the common danger which threatened them, Marius forgot his suspicions of Auguste, but only for a few seconds. Something now told him that the other was planning some mischief, some diabolically cunning piece of treachery.

On the following evening, just as the sun was setting behind the Estérel, Marius put to sea, careful to take with him his fishing equipment and a young cousin, whom he could trust, to help him with the nets.

As she did not like being alone in the house, and Marius would be away all night, Marise arranged to stay with her parents in Théoule.

THE big yacht was waiting at the rendezvous when Marius arrived. Warning the captain of the dangers of remaining where he was, Marius refused to take any cases of cigarettes. When the yacht had put to sea at full speed, Marius and his cousin were lucky enough to take a big catch of sardines almost at once. Having now no fear of a search, Marius set a course for the little bay of La Napoule, arriving there shortly after midnight, several hours before he had expected to be home.

Customs officials awaited them on the beach. A brief search satisfied them that the night's fishing had been innocent enough Leaving his cousin to drive the catch in to Cannes, Marius walked home to bed.

He had been in bed with the lights out some ten minutes when he heard Charles arrive and walk up the outside stairs to his own apartment. A little later Auguste arrived on foot and went upstairs to join Charles. The tenants of the middle-floor apartment were away in the north.

His little warning bell ringing furiously, Marius put on a pair of soft slippers and, climbing up the iron ladder of the water tank at the rear of the house, took up a position where he could see and hear what was passing between Auguste and Charles.

The two men were sitting facing each other at the glass-topped dining table in the centre of the room. A bottle of wine and two glasses were between them, together with a big glass ash tray and an open packet of cigarettes. It was not until Marius had been on his precarious perch for many minutes that he heard anything interesting, and then, to his horror and amazement, Auguste warned Charles that he—Marius—was a traitor.

"Let us," proposed Auguste, "go down to his apartment and wait for Marius. I have a key which will open the door. He will return before dawn, and then we will confront him with what we know. His wife is away, staying with her parents, so we shall not be disturbed."

With an evil grin on his face, Charles agreed to the proposal. Marius remained there while the lights were extinguished and until he heard the key of his own apartment in the lock. Then, descending the ladder of the water tank, he went softly into the garden to think out what was to be done.

Some fifteen minutes later, still undecided as to the best course of action, he heard from his apartment the muffled but unmistakable sound of a shot. A moment afterwards the front door opened and Auguste strode away swiftly into the darkness. When his footsteps had died away in the distance and he heard in the still night air the sound of the self-starter of Auguste's car, Marius waited until he saw the car on the road below, heading in the direction of Cannes. Then, letting himself into his apartment, he switched on the light.

Charles, a bullet through the heart, lay slumped over the table quite dead. A pool of blood saturated the gay African rug on the tiled floor.

For a few moments Marius froze while he contemplated the abysmal treachery implicit in the situation. Then, his brain ticking over fast, he worked out the details of a plan to protect himself from its consequences.

For the remainder of the night Marius was a busy man.

Marise arrived shortly after 7 a.m. to find him fast asleep, sprawled across their double bed. Marius had done his work well, for nothing in the appearance of the apartment attracted her attention.

They breakfasted together normally. Marise did note that Marius was silent and unusually thoughtful, but nothing more. Marius, who during the night had intended to tell his wife what had happened, now decided not to do so. If she knew nothing, she could tell nothing. The police would be bound to question them both and Marise's complete ignorance would be apparent under expert questioning.

Behaving as though nothing untoward had happened, Marius went down to the beach to dry his nets and overhaul his gear. Then, taking his little car, he drove in to Cannes, parking near a bar where Auguste spent some hours every day.

At sight of Marius approaching with outstretched hand, Auguste almost lost control of himself. Something must have gone wrong. But what? Had Marius not been home? Had he, therefore, not discovered the body of Charles slumped across his living-room table? Evidently not, for no man having made such a discovery could remain so unconcerned. Suddenly, for no reason he could understand, panic seized Auguste's heart. He wanted to be away from Marius, miles away.

MUMBLING some excuse about having an appointment, he left Marius at the bar. His car was parked round the corner. He drove fast towards the mountains, stopping for a late lunch at Castellane. By evening, he felt sure, the body of Charles would have been discovered. By then Marius would be in the hands of the police, too busy trying to prove his innocence to be a danger.

Marise probably would discover Charles. She would scream, and her screams would attract distant neighbours, and Auguste would have accomplished what he had set out to do.

The treacherous Charles—who was, in fact, a traitor—would have been punished, while Marius, who had once thrown a glass of wine in his face, would pay a bitter price for the insult.

Towards evening, Auguste drove back over the mountains towards Grasse and Cannes. From that moment, his real perplexities began, never ceasing during the coming hideous weeks and months to buzz in his tortured brain like some infernal nest of hornets.

On the outskirts of Cannes, two gendarmes were stopping cars and inspecting papers. Quite at his ease, Auguste awaited his turn. He looked hurt and perplexed as, after one glance at his driving licence and *carte d'identité*, they told him to get out of the car. Inwardly apprehensive but outwardly objecting heatedly, he obeyed.

"You will accompany us to the gendarmerie, monsieur," they said.

At the police station, they took his fingerprints.

"Do you know this man?" they asked, pulling back a sheet which covered the remains of Charles, who lay cold and still on a slab in the morgue.

"When did you see him last?" they asked, when he had replied affirmatively.

"Two or three weeks ago," said Auguste. "Why? What has this to do with me?"

The police asked questions, but did not answer them, so Auguste had to puzzle out for himself just why he, and not Marius, was the suspect.

"You did not see this man last evening?" they asked him again. "Think before you reply," they urged him, "for the nature of your reply can have unpleasant consequences—for you, if you do not speak the truth."

Auguste pondered his reply. Had someone by chance seen him with Charles? Was this, therefore, a trap question? If he had been seen with Charles, he argued, he could only have been seen at Marius's house, and if he had been seen there, whoever had seen him had probably seen murder done. If that were the case, his reply did not matter, for he was a doomed man. The wise course, therefore, was to persist in his denial, for even to admit having seen Charles was an admission fraught with great dangers.

"No, I did not see this man last evening," he replied. "I am quite sure and I do not wish to reconsider my reply."

"Then you deny also having sat with him in your apartment some time last evening? You deny drinking a bottle of wine with him there?"

"He has never been in my apartment," said Auguste stoutly, feeling himself at last on solid ground.

"And yet," said one of the examining policemen, "it is strange that his body was found in your apartment, slumped forward on your table, his blood having saturated the rug at his feet. It is even more strange, also, that on a wine bottle on the table his fingerprints and yours, superimposed on each other several times, were quite clear, and that his glass bears your prints as well as his, suggesting that you handed it to him, and that the table top is covered with both your prints, together with those of Madame Vietto, who cleans your apartment, and who states that at five o'clock yesterday afternoon she left the apartment clean and tidy.

"Unless you are able to explain these circumstances, I suggest to you that you are in an unenviable position. And now, in the light of this, would you care to revise your statement?"

"No," said Auguste firmly, "I do not wish to change a word. Doubtless the truth will emerge."

"The truth has already emerged," said the policeman sadly. "Take him away and lock him up," he added, nodding to a subordinate.

The only conversation Marius and Marise had with the police was when they came to see the dead man's apartment, which revealed nothing of interest. They were able to state that Monsieur Charles, under which name they knew their tenant, had been absent for a week or two.

When the police questioned Madame Vietto, who cleaned Auguste's apartment, she did not think it relevant to mention that she also cleaned Charles's.

The most damning fact against Auguste emerged at the trial, when the court was told that Charles had denounced Auguste to the Customs as a smuggler. This provided a motive for the killing and, coupled with the clear fingerprint evidence, proving that the murdered man and his murderer had sat at the same glass-topped table, drinking from the same bottle of wine, made Auguste's position quite hopeless.

HOW was Auguste to have known that all the rugs in the two blocks of apartments were of an identical pattern, or that the glass-topped tables were of an identical size? And, even if he had known these things, how could he guess that a pair of gloved hands had carried the glass top of Charles's table to his, Auguste's, apartment, together with the wine bottle and the two glasses?

And that the same pair of hands, always with the risk of being seen by others, had carried Charles's body, wrapped in the blood-stained rug, from Marius's apartment, three hundred yards up the steep path to the larger block of apartments where Auguste himself lived?

Auguste was no nearer to a solution of his perplexities when a thin shaft of dawn's first light penetrated the glass of his cell window.

To the priest who accompanied him on the last walk out into the prison yard, Auguste protested vehemently that never at any time had he invited Charles into his apartment. This, by Fate's cruel irony, was the truth, so Auguste Barolotto was spared adding to his other crimes that of going to his death with a lie on his lips. THE END

LIGHT ME A CANDLE

It was 1943. Vittorio Cantorelli was in uniform—British uniform. He was in London on embarkation leave, to marry Françoise, his childhood sweetheart.

Françoise knew, as women deeply in love know such things, that he was going into great danger. She did not know that he was to be dropped into Italy to guide a sabotage party. If he were captured and identified, he would not go to a prison camp. As an Italian, he would die a traitor's death before a firing squad.

Meanwhile, they had just four days together. . . .

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A THING TO LOVE

Continued from page 26

up and eat this oath that I will tell you, and the meat of the sacrifice."

Njombo was by now very frightened, but he was also very angry, especially when he thought of how they had forced his own daughter to betray him; and so, when the gag and bonds had been removed, he said:

"Raphaelo, I will not join with men who make daughters deceive their own fathers, and separate husbands from wives, and steal money by false promises, and you can kill me if you like, but I will not eat this oath."

"You had better do so," Raphaelo said sternly, while everybody listened in a dead silence. Raphaelo held a knife in his hand.

"Here is my throat," said Njombo, "and you can cut it with that knife like a goat's, but I will not eat."

Raphaelo raised the knife, but Josiah stepped forward from the shadows and said:

"Do you think that traitors are to die as quickly as our warriors who are hanged by the government? Don't you think that they need time to see that they have made a mistake? Take this man and hold him down and let us see if he will not ask if he may eat this oath; and if he asks often enough, we shall have to consider whether he is worthy to join."

Josiah, unlike the rest, was clothed, and he handed one of the initiates a leather belt with a buckle, and Njombo was stripped and held down and flogged. At first the blows were not very severe, but when Njombo began to cry for mercy the watchers grew excited; the solemnity was broken, they started to laugh and jeer and enjoy the spectacle and to savour the abject entreaties of the victim.

The blows grew heavier and Njombo's cries more desperate, until Josiah intervened.

"Stand up," he ordered, and Njombo was dragged to his feet, and with broken words entreated his tormenters to be allowed to eat the oath.

"Shall we let him go?" Josiah asked. "Shall we accept him as a brother?"

There was laughter and jeers, and several people shouted, "No, let us beat him to death," but Josiah told Raphaelo to proceed. Njombo ate the oath seven times as the others had done, standing naked in front of them with his bleeding back; and when it was over Josiah said:

"Now you are our brother and nothing can undo this oath, not even death, for the spirits know of it; but in order to make sure, since you were so reluctant, there is one more thing to be done." He had something in his hand which he thrust into the fire, and he ordered the men to seize Njombo's arms again and to hold them out with his back to the company. Njombo started to whimper and cry like a baby, and his behaviour caused many jibes.

Josiah himself took the object out of the fire and held it up, and everyone could see that it was a branding-iron, red-hot.

After he had used it, and the smell of burning flesh was strong in his nostrils, he said:

"Now you are our brother, and the oath is in you, and next time you will come at once when you are called."

But Njombo had gone limp in the hands of his supporters, and did not reply.

THE District Commissioner went out himself to the Foxleys' farm, together with a young policeman. They questioned most of the Kikuyu and from each man they got the same answers—no one knew who had attacked Njombo, no one knew why; it was a mystery. He'd simply been found in the morning in the bush three parts dead, his back terribly mutilated. His wife said that he'd gone out after the evening meal, remarking that he had business to attend to, and hadn't returned. Nor had Karioki—who'd spent the evening at home—seen any sign of him.

Only Raphaelo, who was most distressed, could make any suggestions.

"You must not punish me if I tell you something," he said.

"It is your duty to speak."

"There is one thing about Njombo. He has a wife, but he has been going to the hut of another woman. She is the wife of a man on bwana Piet's farm. Her husband has been away. I heard a few days ago that he had returned. It might be that he decided to punish Njombo for sleeping with his wife. But I do not know."

They took down the name, and the

District Commissioner asked Colonel Foxley about Raphaelo.

"Straight as a die," the colonel said. "Some of the others I'm not so sure about, but I am sure about Raphaelo. I'd vouch for him anywhere."

"It's a cock-and-bull story," John Chapman said. "Every man jack of them knows what's going on."

"In my opinion it's a personal vendetta. I believe Raphaelo's on the right scent."

"Look, Colonel Foxley," Chapman said. "I don't like the idea of you and your wife staying here on your own. There's something brewing, and, until we get to the bottom of it, would you consider moving into Tetu for a few days? Or staying with friends?"

The colonel looked annoyed. "I don't think you have the right to evict me, Chapman."

"I'm not trying to. I'm simply asking you to co-operate until we can sort this thing out."

"It isn't as easy as that. If I cleared off, what about the labour? To begin with, they'd think I'd run away, and the ones who've refused to take the oath would probably get beaten up or killed. We can't very well urge them to stay loyal to us, and then clear off and leave them to their fate, can we?"

The D.C. sighed; it was Matthew over again. Everyone seemed positively anxious to get murdered; no one wanted to co-operate.

"Besides, if they kill my stock and burn my buildings, I'm done for," the colonel added. "I must be here to organize the guards." He felt that he'd controlled his temper very well. He didn't relish being told to run away in the middle of a fight.

CHAPMAN sighed. "Very well," he said. "But try to persuade your wife to come in for a few days. It would do her good, and my wife and I would be very pleased to put her up. I'll send out three or four police askaris to stay on the place, and, if I can get hold of one, I suppose you wouldn't mind a European policeman for a few days?"

"I suppose not," said the colonel grudgingly.

"I'll try to get young Hendriks; but I can't guarantee anything. We need ten times the number of police we've got, and even then we'd be shorthanded."

"Don't worry about me. I can take care of myself, I think," the colonel said stiffly, and limped off in search of Mamie, who said:

"Leave you here by yourself while I go gallivanting off to Tetu? And not even a houseboy to look after you? My dear Mike, what *do* you think?"

"Mamie, I implore you to go!"

She looked at her husband and smiled. He'd aged lately, she thought; his blue eyes were still keen but they seemed to have sunk into his leathery face, and his moustache had whitened. It was the worry and the pain—he'd had a lot of pain lately from the arthritis. He ought to let her help him to put on his trousers, but she knew that even the suggestion would hurt him terribly. "That old jacket is coming through at the elbows," she said. "I must put on a patch."

"All you damned women are alike," he grumbled. "Obstinate as mules."

"Why don't you take Pat to look at the new dam?" she said, changing the subject. "She comes home so seldom, it's a thousand pities this had to happen during one of her weekends. Karioki's sulking in his hut, so I must get lunch: do take her, it would be better for her in the open air." Mamie thought of the dam as Mike's new toy, and knew that he was longing to show it off to Pat, and that this might take their minds off the disaster.

The colonel's land ran like a wedge into the forest, and its topmost boundary-mark was deep in undergrowth. When Pat had been about fifteen, the colonel had shot a buffalo on the banks of the stream; she remembered it crashing down the bush-clad slope to bellow and expire against the roots of a tree. She'd often seen bushbuck there, their handsome chestnut coats glowing against the green, poised

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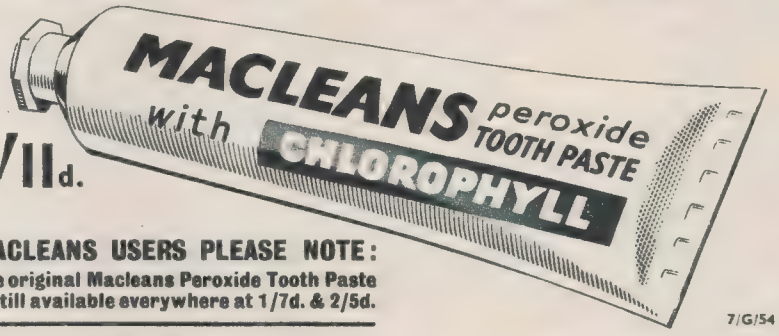

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on delicate and slender legs for the easy bound into obscurity.

She was inclined to regret the dam until her father assured her that it would attract wild duck and other water-birds, even if the bushbuck were driven back. It would be heavy work, he explained, costing £5 or £6 an acre, to clear the forest and its undergrowth, and so this was the last part of the farm to be fenced, but he hoped it would all be done next year, with the dam to provide water.

The dam was being dug by hand and, at the moment, consisted merely of a half-finished earthwork, some felled trees and a number of pegs and lines. The colonel saw it already as a large lake, and talked of stocking it with fish. With its aid, he'd be able, to rear more calves and perhaps, as a new venture, start to fatten stores.

"There's going to be money in beef," he said.

Pat smiled at her father, who leaned on his sticks in the bed of the future dam, thinking of his future fortunes. Like the summit of a mountain, these were always just over the next rise. Yet it wasn't the money he wanted, she thought. Any profits had generally been spent the year before, ploughed back into the farm. Did one ever stop the ploughing back process? Probably never; it was a habit, like gambling or saving. He'd go on, resisting Mamie's wish for new curtains, wearing through the elbows of his jackets, taking no holidays, always building up—and to what end? Perhaps to no end—or rather, for the satisfaction of an endless journey.

Something of the sort was in the colonel's mind. Looking at these still unfruitful acres, he remarked: "If anything happens to me, Pat, what d'you want to do about this place? It's left to you, of course. Until this trouble came along, I'd have said you'd get a fair price for it. I'm not so sure now."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that. It'll all be over long before the situation arises."

"Now you're talking like your mother, who never will face facts. It's a situation that might arise any time. If you're not too bored with it, I think it would pay you to keep the place on with a manager, at least until the country's on its feet again."

Pat put her hand on his arm and said. "I'm sorry I'm so inadequate."

"Who said you were inadequate? There's no reason why anyone should follow the same life as his father. Look at me: your grandfather was a parson. In any case, I don't like women farmers much. They smell of cows and don't clean their finger-nails."

Pat laughed, but thought: *Of course, I ought to have sons.* For an instant they sprang up in her mind: vigorous, healthy and like Sam Gibson, men who could manage farms, put in capital and carry on the work the colonel had started. Mightn't that be the answer? Mightn't that prove just as useful as trying to throw down lifebuoys to a host of floundering little blackamoors? And yet, if no one bothered with the blackamoors, there'd be no future for the young Gibsons.

"I'd like to keep the farm if I could," she said. "I should hate to see it go to strangers."

THE colonel shifted his sticks and looked at her suspiciously. "Do you mean that? I'd much rather you didn't say a thing because you think I'd like to hear it. I don't expect it, you know."

"I might have sons."

The colonel laughed, rather a bark, and she could see, from the brisk way he turned to go back to the car, that he was pleased. "You'd better get a husband first," he said.

She stood for a moment while he walked away, a figure dwarfed by the lichen-bearded cedars and the thick, dark green bush. Curious, how a back view was sometimes more expressive than the front. Some men looked arrogant, perhaps it was the way their buttocks moved up and down; others stolid, or elusive, or vain, or seedy. Her father, she suddenly realized, looked frail—frail and yet defiant, his body shrunken, his gait hobbling yet resolute.

There were things in her mind she wished to say, but she couldn't frame them, and anyway the colonel wouldn't have approved. So she merely remarked, apropos of husbands:

"I shall look for a nice kind one, like you."

Her father grunted.

The arrangement was that Sam would collect Pat from the farm at tea-time and take her back to the mission; he himself had moved to Sunguru, where he occupied the new bungalow next to Matthew's. He arrived late and in an ill humour, for everything had gone wrong.

"Piet Hendriks can't come, and nor can any other policeman," he said. "There's been a party up behind your mission, Pat—a headman hacked to death and all his family massacred, and the police are up there now. Chapman's trying to organize a raid on Tetu and, what with one thing and another, the police can't spare anyone at all today. They swear they'll send some askaris out tomorrow. In the meantime, I've brought you a dog."

"Well, that's very nice," said the colonel.

"It's really quite a useful dog. Apparently it's battle trained and well blooded already. The idea is that you don't let it out of your sight unless, of course, you hear anything suspicious and then you unleash it, and it puts the enemy to flight while you telephone for help."

A BEAUTIFUL Alsatian emerged from the car, his coat shining with health: a very friendly dog, though boisterous. Mamie said doubtfully: "I hope it won't wag its tail indoors." Indeed, he was lashing about him in a much too enthusiastic way. But the colonel soon took to him, and had the dog lying down and getting up to his command.

"Not a bad idea at all," he conceded.

Mamie was bitterly disappointed when Sam declined to stay to tea, but Pat supported him; they were late, and to get in before dark had become a matter of common prudence.

"I'll be back tomorrow with reinforcements," Sam said.

"Would it be too much trouble to bring some things from Thakar's?" Mamie asked. "I'll ring up and give the order, if you don't mind calling for them—some self-raising flour, some rice and, I think, sausages. Oh, and some brown bread. And you'll find out how Njombo is? I wonder whether Thakar's keep screw-topped jars? I could do with a dozen, the plums are coming on."

"You'd better leave quickly, Gibson, if you don't want to hire a lorry to hold all the shopping," the colonel advised. "Goodbye, Pat. See you at Christmas."

As they drove off, Pat looked back and saw them waving from the veranda, one on each side of the Alsatian. She had never felt so reluctant to leave them.

"I'm praying nothing happens tonight," she said.

Mamie watched her out of sight. "Do you think there's really anything between her and that young man, Mike?"

"Not so young as all that," the colonel remarked. "How should I know? Will you never learn, Mamie, that if you keep pulling up a plant to see how its roots are getting on, it won't grow?"

"I don't think I want this plant to grow. I don't think Sam Gibson is at all suitable."

"My God, you're never satisfied! You're always wanting to marry off the child, and the moment she shows any signs of interest in a man you turn your thumbs down."

"He's too old for her, and he's been divorced."

"That's Pat's business. If she can square it with her principles, then good luck to her. Leave it alone, Mamie, and let her make up her own mind."

Mamie sighed. Mike was in one of

"If you had fed the roots with that new fertilizer, like I told you, you'd have had a really *bumper* crop this year"

his prickly, touchy moods, and now there was this Alsatian.

"He'll want meat," she said. "I don't know if we've got anything suitable. I'd better call Karioki."

Karioki was still moody, too, but he found some meat and cooked a hot supper when the time came. Afterwards, they listened to the local news, but it said nothing about the trouble near Sunguru, a police raid in Tetu or anything of special interest. Just the ordinary communiqué: robberies with violence in Nairobi, more stock thefts round Nanyuki, a debate in Legislative Council, a new call-up, a deputation to the Governor.

"I wish they'd have something cheerful for a change," Mamie said.

"You shouldn't listen." The colonel, deep in a crossword puzzle, set an example.

Now that night had come, it seemed very quiet outside. The colonel had sent off Karioki and the *toto* who helped him, and locked the doors. He'd also arranged with Raphaelo to post guards who, in theory, were to patrol the house all night, armed with torches, whistles and spears. He knew that, in practice, they would sleep most of the time by the kitchen stove. Two more men guarded the farm buildings housing the bull, the calves and the machinery. Raphaelo, who seemed glum and rather surly, had promised to wake the guards at intervals; his house was close at hand.

So long as Raphaelo was about, the colonel felt that he'd at least be warned of anything suspicious. Now and again they could hear the reassuring sound of someone hawking and spitting outside. The night-watchmen were not yet asleep.

At about ten o'clock, he pulled himself up to put out the Alsatian, who lay immobile, like some hairy Sphinx, in front of the wood fire, his head resting between his paws. At the colonel's "Come on, boy," he was up on the instant, ears pricked, muscles tensed, nose lifted. A hand on his back, a soothing word, and he softened, his tail wagged.

"He's rather magnificent," the colonel said.

"Too big for the house," Mamie replied firmly, nevertheless patting his head. "I hope he won't go for the night-watchmen."

The colonel patted him again, hobbled to the door and opened it, and the dog trotted briskly down the veranda steps into the night.

A new moon stood over the trees, whose black lattice-work was visible against a less-than-black sky. Now, when the earth was fast asleep, faint smells came out that the sun quelled by day: a smell of grass, of soil, of pungent cedar and even, as it seemed, of the stream whose whisper could be heard across the lawn.

The colonel sniffed and listened; no sound; it seemed unusually still. The guards must have retired into the kitchen. He looked again into the night, impressed, as he never failed to be, by its mystery and magic. At the full moon, he could often see the mountain's white peak hanging above the forest in a dark violet sky, and even now, though all was black and secret, he seemed to feel its great bulk, its huge silent presence, quietly brooding in the night.

You couldn't forget the mountain and you couldn't ignore it; there it was, immense, inscrutable, and there it had been since long before the ancestors of man, that ingenious carnivore, had emerged on all fours from the forest, stood upright and possessed the plains; and, long before the unimaginably gradual attrition of wind and rain had eroded away its majesty, man's descendants might have passed from the scene. No wonder the Kikuyu's god lived there, amid the ice from whence came their water and their life.

The encircling stillness was torn by a sudden cry—something between a yelp and a shriek. The colonel froze into immobility, his blood chilled. Man or beast, that sound had been torn from a throat in agony and terror. He

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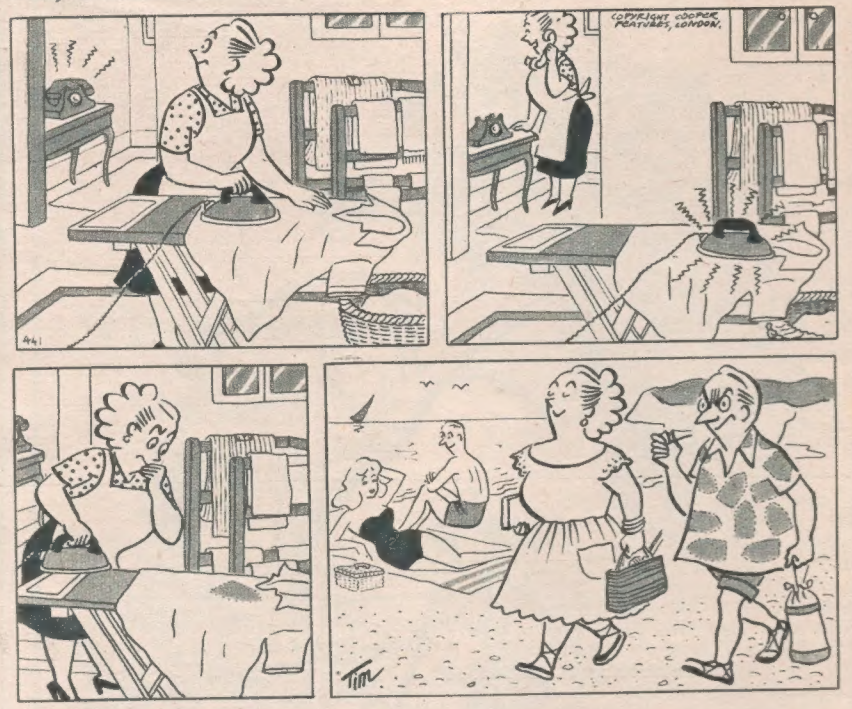

stood waiting, and heard some kind of disturbance down by the stream.

"What was that?" Mamie called from the sitting-room.

"I'm not sure."

"You'd better come in, Mike." There was a sharp, unusual note in her voice.

"I must find this dog," he said, trying to keep from his voice the fear that the dog had gone for ever. "What's his name? Bellman, Bentham, Bedlam?"

"Bendor."

He called the name uncertainly, and whistled.

"Mike! Don't stand there with the light behind you. What's happened to the night-watchmen?"

He hobbled in. "I think they've gone to bed."

Mamie sat in the armchair with a hand pressed to her chest; her heart was queer. She'd never felt like this before. It was panic, and she knew it; panic coming at her like some huge, awful and engulfing wave, rising up to choke and overwhelm her utterly.

"Now don't fuss," she heard her husband say. "It'll be perfectly all right. They do this sort of thing to frighten people, that's all. I'll call Raphaelo, he's not far away, and telephone the police as a precaution, Mamie. Don't fuss!"

She swallowed as if to keep down the panic but her chest felt solidified, like metal. She forced herself to say: "All right, dear. But be careful."

THERE was a sort of thud on the veranda: then silence again. The moment seemed interminable. Mamie felt that they were sitting in a little cell with walls tissue-thin, like a soap-bubble, and all around them the huge, cold, mountainous seas were pressing in. Very slowly, the colonel dragged his feet towards the door.

"Don't go out there!"

"I'm going to telephone." For the telephone occupied a little box on the veranda. It was the old-fashioned kind that was nailed to a wall.

The colonel walked very slowly through the door, silhouetted against the light. His revolver was in his pocket, but he needed both hands for his sticks; there was nothing else to be done. Too late to curse his folly and his over-confidence; the telephone had got to be reached.

A dark object lay at his feet. He bent down and touched it. The soft, furry surface was warm, but his hand came away sticky with blood. They had hacked off the Alsatian's head.

Why had they let him get as far as this? He couldn't guess or imagine; in this effort of his will, all other thoughts had vanished; he knew nothing, except that he must go towards the telephone. He reached the instrument and felt the solid, reassuring weight of the receiver in his hand. It was as if he'd come to the triumphant end of an immense, a lifelong journey. He glanced back, sweating hard. Nothing moved; the only sound in the house was that of his own breathing. He turned the handle that rang the bell and raised the receiver to his ear.

The line was dead.

Mamie heard his steps shuffling back, more quickly now. He turned to lock the door behind him. Why hadn't she heard the tinkle when he'd rung off?

"Mike, did you get through?"

"I got through," the colonel said. "The police are coming out straight away, my dear. They won't be long."

SILENCE closed round them; the sea was rising, but, whatever happened, she wouldn't disgrace him now. She had never really feared death—never thought much about it. But death came to you in bed, with hushed voices and clean sheets and doctors. Not with pangas and blood.

"Mike, take my hand," she said.

But the colonel was holding his revolver. The doors were locked, the gun loaded, they might have a chance. It depended on Raphaelo. If he'd been scuppered, that was that; if not, he might get a message through. You can always take one with you, Churchill had said. Better still, four or five. But the silence! They seemed the last people left in an empty, hostile and utterly remorseless world.

This was the time for prayer. Oh God, Mamie said silently, don't let them come. Don't let it happen. Not that way. Not yet. She couldn't die now, and leave Pat all alone with nothing settled—not with the long knives and the spurting blood. The panic wave came up at her again, a mountainous breaker, icy-cold. She wanted to crouch down behind the sofa, under the table, anywhere. The colonel leaned his stick against her chair and put his hand on her shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Mamie. I should have made you go."

"No. We're meant to be together." She forced her lips to form the words, and when they had come out, the wave had passed over, leaving only a singing in her ears. She picked up her knitting: a lot of stitches had fallen off. With fumbling hands, she started to slip them back on to the needle.

They heard running footsteps and then a pounding on the door.

"Let me in, bwana, quickly, let me in!"

"No, Raphaelo," said the colonel. "Stay outside."

"They're after me, they're going to kill me! Let me in!" The door shook and rattled.

Mike Foxley hesitated, then moved as quickly as he was able to the door and turned the key. Raphaelo burst in, laughing, and after him came a dozen men with pangas. The colonel's pistol jammed.

To be continued next week

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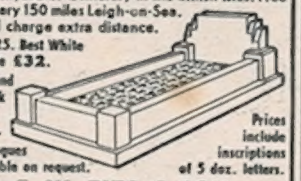

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